

# THE SKETCH.

No. 83.—Vol. VII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



MISS MABEL LOVE DISGUISED AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, CHEAPSIDE.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

## Tuesday.

Jabez Balfour is to return to his native shores, after many months of exile in Argentina, for the Supreme Court at Buenos Ayres refused to uphold his appeal against the sentence of extradition pronounced by the Federal Judge.—The Post Office statistics for the year ending March 31 were issued. The postal revenue was £10,472,000, the net profit being £2,734,000. The total number of letters, postcards, book packets, circulars, samples, newspapers, and parcels delivered in the United Kingdom is estimated at 2,853,534,000, an average of over 74 to each person, and an increase of nearly 2½ per cent. compared with the previous year. Of the 2,799,500,000 letters, &c., dealt with, about 85 per cent. were delivered in England and Wales, 29·1 per cent. being delivered in the London Postal District alone, 9·1 per cent. in Scotland, and 5·9 per cent. in Ireland.—The Essex Head, Essex Street, Strand, where Dr. Johnson established the club known as "Sam's," was put up for sale, and withdrawn at £12,400.—All the contents of the Albion Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Kean, Ben Webster, Buckstone, H. J. Byron, and other theatrical notabilities used to meet, were sold by auction.—The Britannia won the race for yachts of over 40 rating at the Royal Albert Yacht Club's regatta at Southsea.—A foreigner was committed for trial at Bow Street on the charge of attempting to obtain £1000 by forged documents and false pretences from Mr. Charles Russell, solicitor, son of the Lord Chief Justice.—The Queen of Holland and her mother are visiting Zeeland. They arrived to-day at Middleburg, the capital of the island of Walcheren, and were welcomed with enthusiasm by great crowds of people, many of whom wore the provincial costumes. Specimens of the personal adornments of the women, in gold and silver and jewelled, were presented to Queen Wilhelmina.—The Turkish Ministry of Public Works has determined to reconstruct, at a cost of two million francs, the ancient water conduits of Jerusalem, which date from the age of Solomon.

## Wednesday.

The Queen presented new colours to the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who visited Osborne for the purpose. She said that the colours bore the badge of her uncle, King George IV., and a motto defining the services of the corps by land and sea, and she felt confident that they would always be safe and honoured in their keeping.—The Prince of Wales arrived at Homburg.—The Queen of Portugal, travelling *incognito*, left Paris for Stowe House, Buckingham, on a visit to her father, the Comte de Paris.—The Duc d'Aosta visited the Queen.—Mr. Walter Hazell was adopted Liberal candidate for Leicester.—A dramatised version of "The Manxman" was produced at Leeds by Mr. Wilson Barrett.—The Scottish coal masters resolved to withstand both the strikers and all interference in the dispute by the Board of Trade.—Four new lifeboats were launched at Worthing.—The Town Clerk of Oxford was drowned while bathing at Torcross.—A woman, who has been married thirty-six years, and is the mother of fifteen children, was remanded at the West London Police Court for attempting to administer a noxious drug to endanger the life of her husband. It was alleged that the poison was put in the table butter.—The Queen of Holland unveiled at Flushing the restored statue of the famous Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, who forced his way up the Thames in 1666.—The members of the Iron and Steel Institute visited the Antwerp Exhibition.—The Russian army manoeuvres at Smolensk have been countermanded, probably on account of the influenza, from which the Czar is said to be suffering.—The Chinese are reported to have defeated the Japanese, but the story, so far, comes from Chinese sources.

## Thursday.

The Scotch miners' strike seems to be reaching a critical stage. The men are becoming desperate, as was seen by a riot which occurred at Baillieston to-day, when some damage was done to the Barton Hill Colliery, the shaft of which was blocked by the strikers throwing down hutches and pieces of timber. Five men were arrested.—Professor Dixon reported that the accident at the Albion Colliery, South Wales, in which nearly 300 persons lost their lives, was due mainly to a pure dust explosion.—The annual conference of the Institute of Journalists was opened at Norwich, Mr. P. W. Clayden, of the *Daily News*, presiding.—An interesting experiment was carried out at Grindelwald in connection with the conference being held there. Mr. Carus Wilson, an Oxford University Extension lecturer, accompanied a large party of members of the conference to the Mer de Glace, above Grindelwald, 6000 ft. above the sea, and delivered a lecture on glaciers, mountains, and moraines *in situ*.—Baron Mundy, the famous ambulance reformer, shot himself on the banks of the Danube near Vienna to-day, and fell into the river. He had reached his seventy-second year, and was suffering from an incurable disease.—A plot against the Czar's life is said to have been discovered.—A serious riot has occurred in the province of Kuban, in the Caucasus, arising out of the refusal of some Cossacks to obey regulations made to stop the spread of cattle disease. It was necessary for cavalry to charge the crowd, twenty-four of whom were wounded and thirty arrested.—Latest news is to the effect that the decision of the Supreme Court of Argentina on the appeal against the extradition sentence of Jabez Balfour will not be given before October.

## Friday.

The British Vice-Consul at Bluefields, on the Mosquito Coast, has been arrested by the Nicaraguan authorities, and conveyed to Greytown. Another Englishman and an American were arrested at the same time, and it is thought they will be tried for alleged incitement to riot.—The "great battle" and Chinese victories of last week are said to be fictions, but then "the Heathen Chinese is peculiar."—The Dunottar Castle, while approaching Plymouth early this morning, got aground on the Eddystone Rock in a dense fog, but floated off on the rising tide an hour later, having sustained no serious injury.—The American liner New York has beaten the record west by 15 minutes.—The foundation-stone of a crematorium was laid at Liverpool. The object of the promoters is to avoid any appearance of secrecy in the disposal of the remains. A raised gallery will provide mourners with an opportunity of witnessing the placing of the coffin in the furnace, and, if desired, of witnessing the withdrawal of the ashes, which will then be placed in a crypt capable of containing nearly 2000 urns.—A Dundee merchant pleaded guilty before the Sheriff to forging bills to the extent of £112,000.

## Saturday.

Parliament was prorogued by Royal Commission at a quarter to three this afternoon.—The Royal County Theatre, Reading, was burned to the ground this morning. The theatre, which stood on the site of the old Reading Theatre, burnt twenty years ago, is believed to have been fired by a flash of lightning.—The Scotch coal crisis was responsible for the meeting in Glasgow of the largest number of miners' delegates ever seen in Scotland. Two delegates from the British Miners' Federation met the Scotchmen, and it was decided that a ballot should be taken among the strikers as to whether they are to continue the struggle or accept a reduction of sixpence instead of one shilling per day.—Mr. Hazell satisfied the Leicester compositors that, though his Aylesbury office was a non-union house, he paid more than union wages.—A co-operative flour-mill, erected at a cost of £100,000, was opened in Edinburgh.—An Edinburgh wool merchant was arrested in Liverpool on a charge of obtaining goods to the amount of over £3000.—The reported defeat of the Japanese is "confirmed" by a letter, written from Chemulpo, in which it is stated that 1300 Japs were slain.—A clerical newspaper in Rome was confiscated to-day for insisting that the temporal power of the Pope should be restored.

## Sunday.

The Radicals got magnificent weather for their demonstration against the House of Lords, which was held in Hyde Park this afternoon. The procession was smaller than it usually is at such demonstrations. Speeches were delivered from eleven platforms. No. 6 received most attention, because Mr. William O'Brien was the chief orator there. He declared that Lord Rosebery and his Government should be forced to pledge themselves to strip the Lords of their power and make England ring with the cry of "Remember Clanricarde!" Dr. Tanner, at platform 8, had provided himself with a blackthorn, because he had been told that there was a rival demonstration in the Park. Among other speakers were Mr. Burt, M.P., Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P., and Mr. Naoroji, M.P. A resolution was carried calling on the Government to take immediate steps to abolish a mischievous and useless hereditary Chamber.—Renewed shocks of earthquake were felt in Loeris, Eubœa, and Attica.—The Secretary to the Police Commissary at Mentone was found murdered in his apartment to-day. There is reason to believe that the crime is the work of Anarchists.—The great lake in the Himalaya Mountains which was formed early in the year by a landslip blocking up the outlet through which the waters usually ran broke through the dam yesterday, and inundated the valley of the Ganges. As the danger had been foreseen by the Government engineers, notice was given by telegraph to the inhabitants of the villages in the line of the flood, and all escaped to places of safety.

## Monday.

The Queen and Court left Osborne for Balmoral to-day.—This was the nomination day at Leicester.—It is reported that King Malietoa and the principal chiefs of Samoa boarded H.M.S. Orlando, and requested that the kingdom might be placed under the protection of Great Britain.—An Imperial edict has been issued in China condemning the recent outrages on missionaries, ordering the decapitation of the criminals, and directing the rebuilding of the chapels that have been destroyed, and liberal compensation to the relatives of the victims. The Viceroy has expressed deep regret to the British Minister.

## A WORK OF ART.

She flashed across my path one day,  
A vision fair  
With golden hair  
And lips of crimson hue:  
The woman with me looked away  
At some pretended view.

Oh, why should women always be  
So quick to spy  
Out paint or dye?  
It's rather hard, you know.  
I'd give my wife *carte blanche* if she  
Could make as good a show.



A MODERN PORTIA.

MISS FRANCES H. GRAY, LL.D.

"Behold a learned Doctor of the Law, but lately come from Padua," was the greeting of Lord Emlv, Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, to Miss Frances Helena Gray when, in 1890, she presented herself in scarlet gown and academic cap to receive the degree of LL.D. Only one other woman within the bounds of the United Kingdom, Dr. Letitia Walkington, is entitled to add the magic letters to her name, and she, too, was born in Belfast.

Dr. Gray is a tall, slender girl, with a delicate Irish complexion, long-lashed grey eyes, finely marked eyebrows, and shapely hands. Very quiet and simple in manner, her soft voice lightly touched with a not unpleasing accent, she has nothing of the "bluestocking" about her, and talks much more readily of music, or tennis, or golf, or chiffons than of herself and her attainments.

"You don't look in the least formidable," I ventured to remark when we had made friends.

"So everyone tells me," she answered merrily, "and I am glad to hear it. How insufferable I should otherwise be! I wonder what sort of a person strangers expect to find me?"

"Not quite what you are, no doubt; for the very idea of a lady Doctor of Laws is alarming to the average man, despite his admiration for Portia, and he fears, perhaps, that you may open conversation by asking his unbiassed opinion of the Justinian Code as contrasted with the Code Napoléon."

"I am inclined to put the question to you as a punishment," smiled Miss Gray, but the interviewer's collapse disarmed her. "Our family originally came from the south of Ireland," she went on presently, in answer to a query, "and there my affections are centred, though I was born and brought up in Belfast. Belfast people are capable, energetic, and prosperous, but I prefer the more genial and liberal nature of the Irish outside Ulster. My father is Mr. William Gray, of Mount Charles, Belfast, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and I am his younger daughter. As a little thing I was the pet and plaything of the household, and am told that I ruled my parents somewhat despotically."

"Where were you educated?"

"First at the Misses Hudson's school, then at the Methodist College."

"But you are not a Methodist?"

"Oh, no! My people and myself are members of the Church of Ireland."

"What of your scholastic successes?"

"You will find all about them here," said Miss Gray, handing me a paper, from which I learned that her first achievement was to carry all before her at the Junior Grade Intermediate Examination, when she received two gold medals and an exhibition of £60, one of the medals being for the highest number of marks in all subjects, and the other for the highest marks in drawing. A serious illness supervening, she had to lay aside her studies for a time, and on recovering entered, without any special preparation, for the Middle Grade Intermediate Examination, wherein she gained a first prize. In the following year she held her place at the Senior Intermediate. Having a taste for languages which she desired to cultivate, Miss Gray now spent a year studying German in the quaint old town of Trier, and, returning home, matriculated with honours at the Royal University of Ireland, and took third place in modern literature at the ensuing Scholarship Examination, open to both men and women. In 1887 she took honours in logic, geology, and German, won her B.A. degree in 1888, and in 1889 the degree of LL.B.

"What induced you to study law?" I asked.

"I scarcely know. I went on from one thing to another."

"But did you not find it very dry?"

"That is what everyone asks. I did not; botany and natural science seem much drier to me. You see, there are examples for everything, and they fix principles in one's mind."

"With whom did you grind for your degree?"

"With Mr. Harrison, of Belfast. He coached me and eight other men." Miss Gray stopped and laughed. "You see," she said,

"I unconsciously spoke of myself as if I were a man, but the fact is I have always studied with boys and men. Even at the college there were lectures in common for the advanced students of both sexes."

"Of course, the Americans favour the plan of educating young people together. Do you find it answers?"

"Indeed, yes; it makes girls much more sensible and broad-minded, and encourages emulation."

"Have you found your LL.D.ship of advantage to you?"

"To a certain extent, but, of course, not nearly as useful as it would be were I a man. Naturally, I cannot practise, and I don't know that I should like to if I could. I went in for law more to see what I could do than anything else. Just at the time I had very little leisure, for a friend was bringing out a comic operetta in which I took part, so I taught all the morning, studied in the afternoon, and rehearsed in the evening. As a matter of fact, I scarcely expected to get through, and had resolved to try again the following year; but it turned out satisfactorily after all, especially considering I had so little time for preparation."

"You are fond of music, Miss Gray?" I asked.

"Very fond, indeed; but, though I play and sing a little, I am not by any means a musician. I like taking up things and acquiring a certain knowledge of them—languages, for instance, and drawing."

"What are your favourite amusements?"

"I love all active exercises and out-of-door games—dancing, tennis, skating, rowing, rinking, swimming, and so on."

Among her other accomplishments, Dr. Gray is a clever "thought-reader." When Irving Bishop's experiments first attracted attention, she tried what she could do, and, to her surprise, discovered in herself the latent faculty. It is acknowledged that so-called thought-reading may, in general, more correctly be styled "muscle reading," and that the performer gives, often unconsciously, indications to the medium of what he must do. Miss Gray, however, told me that with a good medium—her sister, for instance—she is able to dispense with contact altogether, or can substitute a chain whose opposite ends are held by the two.

Some of these details were given by Miss Gray during a recent flying visit to London with regard to an appointment as high school mistress sought by her. Until last year she was Lady Principal at the Russell Hill School, Purley, but she left it, apparently under the happiest circumstances, to marry Dr. Stephen Moxley, of Gloucester, a brilliant and popular young medical man. Alas for the futility of human hopes! Her fiancé died on the very date that had been fixed for their wedding, and, despite her brave efforts at cheerfulness, it was pathetic to see the girl in

her mourning garb, and to note the change in her spirits from our previous meeting. She now seeks in work an anodyne, and all who know her hope she may find it.

C. O'C. E.



Photo by Kirkpatrick, Belfast.

DR. FRANCES GRAY.

DANGEROUS AMUSEMENTS.

Circus-goers occasionally come in for thrills and excitements not foreshadowed in the programme when a half-tamed jungle whelp tries his fangs in the keeper's fleshy part, for instance; and the visitors at Folkestone who went to while away an afternoon at Sanger's recently must have been considerably "shaken up" to see Madame "Pauline de Vere" seized by a sprightly young lion, who proceeded to munch her legs with great apparent enjoyment. It may be remembered that a horse was badly gored and finally killed at a bull-fight in Paris some years back. Killing or even wounding the horses had been strictly forbidden, so the audience, unprepared for this accident, were hugely exercised, flung their hats into the arena, and shouted "*À mort!*" with all their lungs. Poor Carnot was in his box, and permission was asked, but refused, to kill the offending bull. But people had "smelt" blood, and were most difficult to pacify or persuade, and the following Sunday it was impossible to get seated an hour before the fight began. *Tout Paris* had packed itself into the building in the faint yet ardent hope of another accident. A fine advertisement for the management, of course.



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Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.** Leaving London Bridge at 9 a.m., calling at East Croydon; Victoria at 9 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and Kensington (Addison Road), 8.40 a.m. (First and Second Class only.)

Special Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria at 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge at 9 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 31 to Sept. 3.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

First and Second Class Excursion Passengers may return by the Day Express Service leaving Paris at 9.30 a.m., on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

## WORTHING REGATTA, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5.

Special Cheap Trains to West Brighton and Worthing from Victoria 8.25 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 8.30 a.m., calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, East Croydon, and South Croydon; from Brockley 8.25 a.m., calling at Honor Oak Park, Sydenham, Penge, and Anerley; also from Kensington (Addison Road), 8.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea. Fare there and back, 3s.

Cheap Trains also from Shoreditch 7.55 a.m., calling at Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Deptford Road. Fare there and back, 3s. 3d. Returning from Worthing 7 p.m. and West Brighton 7.20 p.m.

Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Worthing from Victoria every Weekday 10 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, 13s. 6d.

## EASTBOURNE REGATTA, FRIDAY, SEPT. 7.

Special Cheap Trains from Victoria 8.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge at 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; from Shoreditch 7.55 a.m., calling at Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Deptford Road; also from Brockley 7.55 a.m., calling at Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, and Anerley. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. Fare there and back, 4s.

## SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth Harbour, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares: Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d.; Second Class, 7s. 6d.

FOR full particulars see Special Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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## ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich. Cheap Return Tickets,

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## A "PINE BATH DE LUXE."

I always mistrusted anything labelled "*de luxe*" since I travelled to the Riviera in a cockleshell steamboat and overcrowded train, which was dubbed "*service de luxe*" by the promoters and "*de looks*" by the victims. However, an advertisement of "Massage and electric pine baths *de luxe*" in the daily papers sounded tempting, and my curiosity got the better of me.

I rang a bell at an open door, and walked up a narrow staircase, which reminded me of the approach to a money-lender's parlour. At the top was a door with a brass plate on which I read Madame somebody's name. I knocked and entered a cosy little room, where a demure, middle-aged lady in black silk rose to greet me in irreproachable English. I do not know why she called herself "Madame" any more than I know why Cockney singers style themselves Signor, but perhaps she thought it sounded more professional. Perhaps, on the other hand, it might be thought by the curious to imply foreign dissipation of some kind. The room was comfortably furnished with a long sofa and a leather arm-chair. On the table were several boxes of polished wood with curly wires issuing from them, evidently electric appliances of some sort. There was also a set of manœuvre instruments on a tray and a large cardboard box full of "electric soles" of red flannel for sale at 3s. 6d. per pair, or "extra power," 4s. 6d.

"Tell me about your baths," I began.

"They are warm pine baths with electric currents, followed by massage."

"The massage, I suppose, is like that at Turkish baths?"

"Well, yes; only, of course, it is not done nearly so roughly." I was told, with an approach at a smile. I watched for a leer, but detected none.

"It is done by young ladies, isn't it?" I asked innocently.

"Yes; we have two young lady assistants."

"What is the charge?"

"One guinea for one bath, or three baths for two guineas."

"Can I have one now?"

"Yes. Kindly sit down, and I will go and have it prepared."

"Madame" left me, and I sat twirling my hat, full of expectant curiosity, while the bath-water could be heard trickling sonorously next door. After some five minutes she returned and ushered me into the bath-room, where I was greeted by an odour of pine, strong and fragrant, like the breezes of Bournemouth. There was a very narrow bed in the room, with sheets turned back, as if for immediate occupation. The furniture was that of a bed-room in a West-End lodging, with a plain chest of drawers, and on the walls common engravings, fixed too high. "Madame" said, "Please take off everything you have got, and then tap at the door. The assistant will then come to you."

I obeyed and stepped into the bath. At the back was a circular piece of flannel held up by two wires. A sponge was tied to it to lean against, and at the other end there was another piece of flannel, on which I was instructed to stretch my feet. The attendant was a buxom woman, apparently somewhere between thirty-five and forty. She was dressed in a blue print dress, and had her sleeves tucked up.

She turned a needle on a kind of dial above the foot of the bath. Immediately I felt a pleasant, tingling sensation, which lasted all the time I was in the bath. I inspected this dial afterwards, and found there were two needles on it, one marked "Faradic," the other "Galvanic."

"What sort of people come here?" I inquired.

"Oh! all sorts."

"Any ladies?"

"Yes; sometimes. A few. Occasionally." (This rather doubtfully.)

"Most of the people come to be treated for some complaint."

"How many come in the course of a day?"

"There is another assistant besides myself, and I suppose we do four or five each in a day. Sometimes more, sometimes less."

"Are you at it all day?"

"There are intervals, of course. I am here from two to seven; but I operate elsewhere at other times."

"In private houses?"

"Yes, and at home."

"How long have you been at it?"

"I was brought up to it, and I went through a regular training."

"It is done a good deal in America, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe so, and in India."

Meanwhile I had been "bath'd," as we used to say as children. My limbs had been rubbed gently and soaped under water. After about ten minutes the water had lost its pleasant warmth and I got out, every pore redolent of pine-extract. MEM.—I mean to get a bottle of this somewhere, and use it every day in my bath.

I was wrapped in a bath-sheet and dried. Then I got into bed, lying on a sheet with a blanket over me, and the process of massage began. First one leg was taken out and rubbed and kneaded and slapped, then another leg, then an arm, and so on. It was all done firmly but gently, and was far from disagreeable.

"You are very thin," I was told; "a course of massage every day is what you want to put on flesh."

"Why, I always heard massage was used to reduce corpulency?"

"So it is. It does both. I don't know how, but it does."

The process was gone through very thoroughly, and must have lasted over half an hour. When it was over, I was left cosy and tingling to rest for ten minutes.



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## FRENCH "CYCLEWOOMEN."

I am not responsible for the spelling of "cyclewoomen," though a friend of mine hints that I can spell quite as badly when I try, and even when I do not. The piece of "orthographic writing," adopting De Quincey's term, I found on the large posters which announced a race of ladies on bicycles or bicyclettes at Cabourg. Dives-Cabourg is one of the prettiest bathing places on the Norman coast. In front lies a splendid sandy beach, facing, it may be seen, a fine Casino, a grand hotel, and a row of handsome villas. In the distance along the coast are Houlgate, Beuzeval, Villers, and Trouville to the east, and Luc-sur-Mer and Isigny to the west. At the back is the little town, built fan-shape, and full of lovely trees. Dives, from which William the Conqueror set sail for the conquest of England, lies still farther back. However, I will not quote from the guide-books or Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," for I wish to write about the cyclewoomen.

The first thing that strikes one in the streets of Cabourg is that the people are suffering acutely from cyclomania. I had not been two minutes in the Grande Rue before my insurance policy nearly came into force, and, indeed, in jumping out of the way of a furious youth on a "bike" I fell "ker blunk"—I think that is "Uncle Remus" spelling—into the legs of a cyclewooman, who was sauntering along in a costume of white piqué, an Eton jacket, displaying a pink man's shirt, and black satin tie, knickerbockers, and black silk stockings. She was such a pretty woman that she took my heart by what I may call a *coup de jambe*.

Ten minutes later I saw in a side street—if I had not a splendid reputation for truth-telling I would not risk the statement—an astounding sight. On a tandem machine was a grave, elderly man at the back—one might say at the helm; in front rode a pretty woman with a French grey blouse, fawn-coloured knickerbockers, stockings to match, and tan shoes. Round about her was a wide scarf, over one shoulder and under the other, and in it a baby, which she held with one hand while it calmly took its *petit déjeuner*—imbibing, no doubt, with its mother's milk a strong taste for the pneumatics that should be such a fine cure for rheumatics.

The next three days I spent in terror of my life, for every minute some one was ringing a bell or using a kind of india-rubber siren, or

making some other horrid noise, in order to get me out of the way. Yet, despite the danger, I determined to stay for the "Course de Cyclewoomen," organised by *Le Matin* and *L'Echo de Paris*, so that I might get a photograph of the lady racers for the benefit of *The Sketch* readers. Moreover, there were some compensations, for Cabourg presented to me the handsomest and most beautifully dressed collection of girls I have ever seen.



My one fear was whether my money would hold out, since at the splendid Casino there was a fascinating, simple-looking game that leads to bankruptcy. It is called "Fruits and Flowers," and runs on the lines of "Petits Chevaux." You can choose a flower, and if the sort of roulette ball favours it you gain 600 per cent., or you can take flowers versus fruit,





and may gain cent. per cent. Unfortunately, in this Garden of Eden lurks a snake called "Le Jardinier," and when the roulette ball favours it—as it does to an extent that shows defiance of mathematical laws—all the fruits and flowers are of no avail, and away goes your stake to the croupier, leaving you no consolation but the fact that your franc was one of the demonetised pieces that circulate extensively in France and gravitate towards the pockets of strangers who cannot remember such distinctions as that Swiss pieces are current if the figure of Helvetia is standing up, and not if she sitting down.

At last the day came, and a very ugly day it was, for when it was not raining the east wind blew. At half-past one an elderly gentleman walked up the main street with a drum, which he did not know how to beat, and kept announcing that the race was postponed on account of the weather. Five minutes later he came back and did some more drum-beating, just as badly as before, and announced that the race was not postponed.

The entertainment was to consist of a boys' race and the ladies' contest, while prizes were to be given to the cyclewomen in the prettiest costumes. The boys' race was of no interest to me. Soon came out the ladies prepared for strife. The two that attracted most attention were Mdles. Marcelle Demay and Suzanne de Marinville, a couple of very handsome girls. The former wore a straw hat, veil, jersey, and flannel pantaloons, all white, and black silk stockings. The latter was dressed in a like fashion, save that the pantaloons were black. As one had only a short riding corset, and the other none at all, and the jerseys were skin-tight, it was clear that the two ladies had lovely figures. The place was crowded with people from the town and from Trouville, and many lovely dresses were to be seen.

One woman amused me. She wore about £100 worth of clothes, every item of her costume being beautiful and costly. By her side was her baby and its nurse, whose ribbons alone must have cost fifty francs. On the lady's lap was a napkin to keep her white silk dress from being soiled by what she held in her hands. The object in question was a dirty, dog's-eared, greasy mass of newspaper, consisting of a novel cut day by day out of *Le Petit Journal*, and carefully sewn together, so that the lady and her wealthy friends could enjoy the work without paying the two francs seventy-five centimes which it would cost in book form. In no country do extravagance and economy, sunk to miserliness, go together so quaintly as in France.

The other cyclewomen were neither pretty nor well dressed. After a great deal of confusion, due to superb mismanagement, the competitors were got into something like a line, and my photographer did his work, which, seeing the badness of the light, was very well done. However, he did not spot the winner, for it was not till the last moment that she rode up, in the person of Mdle. Dutrieux, a pretty, fragile-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen. The race was by no means a farce, since twenty kilometres, or about twelve and a-half miles, over a wet road, had to be travelled. The start was unlucky, for, to the despair of her numerous admirers, Marcelle Demay came a cropper at the first corner and hurt her dainty nose and cut her mouth, and you could not expect her to mount again till after she had ascertained the amount of damage to her beauty by aid of a mirror. What else happened on the road, save that several pneumos burst and most of the dames had a fall, I cannot tell, for I was not in the crowd of pace-makers. Five-and-fifty minutes after the start there was a great "toot-tooting" on a post-horn, and two minutes later in came Mdle. Dutrieux, whose performance under the circumstances was very good. Mesdames Lisette and Dorval were second and third. After this was the award of prizes for costumes; they were carried off easily by Mdles. Demay and Marinville, no other being deemed good enough for a third prize.

There was a big ball in the evening at the Casino, at which I had the honour of dancing with some of the cyclewomen, and learning the extraordinary accident that had caused each not to win. Later on I lost my few remaining francs in the Garden of Eden, and next morning wiped the Cabourg mud off my feet, as my nerves were beginning to break up owing to the strain put on them on account of the danger of being run over by wild cyclewomen.

MONOCLE.

#### FOR CYCLISTS.

The question of rational dress, which virtually means the wearing of knickers for lady cyclists, has led to an appalling length of correspondence in the pages of the *Daily Chronicle*. It would seem that it is a question, first of convenience, and secondly of personal appearance. In the multitude of correspondents no one suggests that knickers is not the most convenient form of dress for cycling, male or female. As to the question of personal appearance, should that not be left to the ladies themselves? It is perfectly true that there are many ladies whom this new attire does not become; but, on the other hand, it is just as true that in many instances knickers are at once picturesque and becoming. In any case, however, the ladies will have their own way in this as in all other matters in which they are interested.

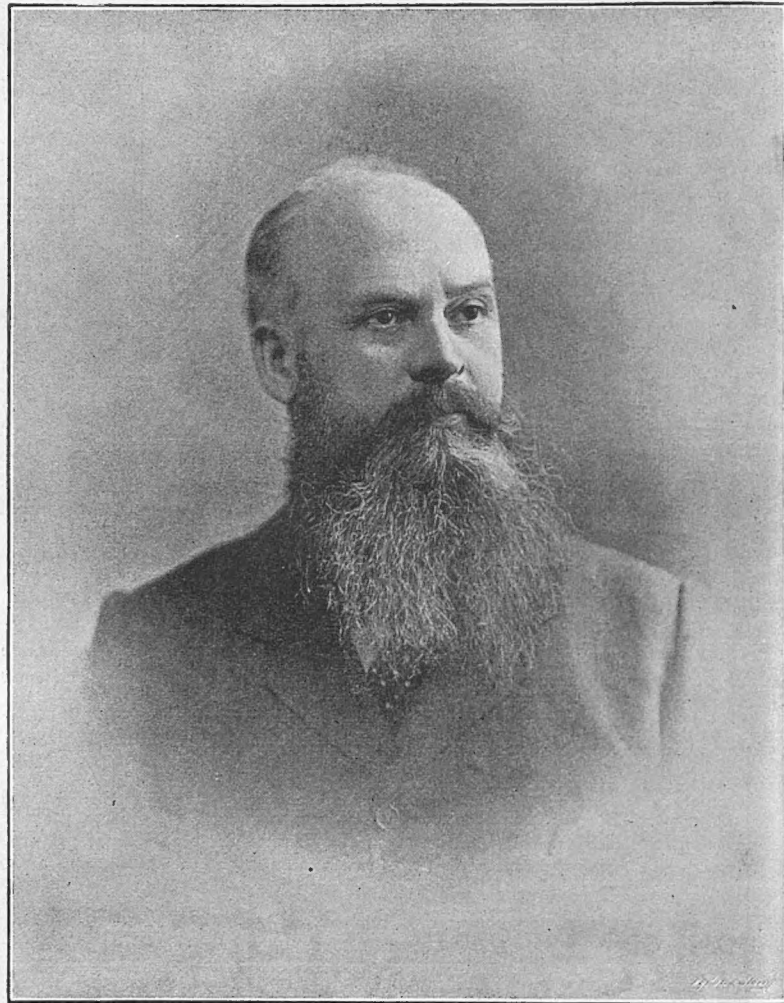
"Swifts" have scored some notable victories recently. At Kilwinning, on the 18th inst., Mr. R. Good won the Bowman Challenge Cup and the mile race (by about 15 yards) on a Swift. Swifts were first and second in the South of Scotland open 100 miles on the same date—Mr. McDowall first, in 6 hours 10 minutes, beating record by 10 minutes, and Mr. W. Drysdale was second, in 6½ hours. At Canterbury Sports, Mr. L. P. Davids (Canterbury) won the half-mile open and half-mile members' race, Mr. R. H. Davis (Canterbury) being second in the half-mile members' race. Both riders had Swifts. Mr. F. E. Wasing, mounted on a Swift, won the 50-miles road handicap, from scratch, at York.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

### XXVI.—MR. C. RUSSELL AND THE "GLASGOW HERALD."

The "long arm of coincidence" stretched itself over a company of journalists which assembled last September in the hall of Lincoln's Inn. On that occasion the Institute of Journalists met for its annual conference, and the curious spectacle was witnessed of a Charles Russell of law extending the hospitality of Lincoln's Inn to a Charles Russell of letters. The former, Sir Charles Russell (now Lord Russell of Killowen), as Master of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, cordially welcomed the Institute to London, and offered to Mr. Charles Russell, the distinguished head of that body, the ample accommodation which the picturesque old hall affords.

Mr. Charles Russell is a son of "Auld Reekie," but for the last twenty years he has been identified with the leading newspaper in the city on the Clyde. He was not directly trained for the vocation he worthily fills. He studied for the medical profession at Edinburgh, and, in order to take notes of the lectures, he learnt the crude and cumbersome



MR. C. RUSSELL.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

shorthand of thirty-five years ago. Drifting into journalism, he accepted a post on the reporting staff of the now defunct *Caledonian Mercury*, and speedily achieved a reputation for skilful and scholarly work. He exchanged his position the following year for one of a similar character on the *Leeds Mercury*. Like Mr. C. A. Cooper, of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Russell became the London correspondent of the paper he represented. The *Leeds Mercury* was the first provincial newspaper to attempt this work, and Mr. Russell was the first journalist to perform it. He did it so well that the *Mercury* became famous for the excellence of its metropolitan gossip and the accuracy of its political knowledge. In those days London correspondents were terribly handicapped in the collection of news. Sources of present-day information were closed, and political wire-pullers were as mute as the Sphinx. There were no news agencies to help lame dogs over the stile; a man had to depend upon his own energy, foresight, and determination. Gifted with these qualities, Mr. Russell scooped the tit-bits of the Metropolis, and made Yorkshire readers rush for his appetising fare.

For a time he held the literary editorship of the *Sportsman*, and acted as London correspondent for a number of foreign and colonial newspapers. In 1875 he joined the *Glasgow Herald* as assistant-editor. In this responsible position the brilliance and perspicacity he had shown in London assured his success. Wars and rumours of war were in the air, and in dealing with the stirring events of that period he displayed a critical ability which excited general admiration. After twelve years of honest, painstaking work he obtained an appropriate reward. Dr. Stoddart retired from the editorship of the paper, and Mr. Russell was asked to fill the vacancy. He accepted the position, and since that time has done much to increase the popularity of the *Herald* and to perpetuate the traditions of the paper.



# AT THE SEASIDE AND ELSEWHERE.

London, perhaps, is never more empty than it is during the last fortnight of August. It is then "Hey! for the seaside!" even with such weather as has been experienced lately. At Folkestone, as well as its small and simpler neighbour, Sandgate, sea-bathing is a great vogue just at present, and buxom damsels may be seen in generous numbers every morning breasting the foamy wave in costumes which would almost do credit to Boulogne itself. A naughty young man who electrified some old ladies at Folkestone by facing the Channel waves "mid nodings on" has been haled up before the local magnates to explain the reason of his omission. Being a Londoner, and, therefore, unused to the civilisation of a seashore, this saucy Satyr pleaded a forgetfulness of his maritime obligations, which the Court very handsomely recognised. It is to be hoped that this erring Israelite will not again confound the Channel with the Jordan. These climatic confusions are occasionally awkward to the onlooker.

quality of its "natives"—that is to say, those that fetch some four shillings a dozen; but those other natives, who do not find their way to London clubs and restaurants, are, it is said, a healthy and hospitable race, and those who find the delights of Margate a trifle too boisterous may break off their railway journey at Whitstable with excellent result. The country around is delightful, and to the quaint old city of Canterbury, with its matchless cathedral, it is but a walk of four or five miles.

The Isle of Man is more than usually inundated by the tripper variety of August holiday-makers this year, Mr. Hall Caine's new book bringing the Manxman's surroundings into prominent interest, while an enterprising company are running excursions from St. Pancras to the land of tailless cats and back for a get-at-able guinea, which modest sum, furthermore, allows a stay of ten days on the island. One hears a lot about the future of balloons, but it may be doubted whether they can beat that for economy in sight-seeing.

The cheap-tripping cavalier who not only takes his ticket to Douglas, but that of a "lady friend" as well, should be reminded,



AT THE SEASIDE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE E. CHILLCOTT, BRISTOL.

Various, indeed, are the charms and novelties of seaside life for those who ask nothing beyond the sensation of a new experience; but to the ordinary "mere man," with cheerful expectations of health-giving repose (the ozone understood), some things are still left to desire. At Folkestone, for example, where a new pier, new Marine Gardens, a prospect of incandescent burners, and various other solaces are offered to the visitor, one is still left to question the bliss of a Boys' Brigade band, which nightly brays with extreme vigour through the principal streets as ordinary Christians are sitting down to dinner; following hot-foot on this juvenile clamour comes the shrieking Salvation Army, with deafening rout and riot, while the already hideous night is further enlivened by the wail of the "Fine Calais oysters" man. If complaint is made, as not infrequently happens, one is told there is no redress except to sit tight and suffer, for the Salvationists, equally with the oysters, are not to be denied.

Whitstable is a most charming spot for the lover of a picturesque quietude. To many well-to-do folks who have never been there, the quaint little Kentish village is familiar by reason of the excellent

by-the-way, that there is a by-law, recently established under pressure of circumstances, not to say by reason of same, forbidding fond couples the demonstrative happiness of putting arms round each other's waists in public, or, at least, on the Douglas Parade. Whitechapel and Birmingham may not be averse to this mode of street progression, but the austere Manxman evidently is; and unwary lovers of that class to which a great passion does not bring coyness or concealment had better beware of the mercifully imposed new respectability of Douglas Parade.

A seaside correspondent writes: "The painful experience of a friend who has suddenly become deaf from over indulgence in the delights of diving leads me to remark that bathing too frequently and remaining too long in the water, as many are prone to do, leads to an endless number of ear troubles from perforation of the drum, which so often follows the enthusiastic diver. A local authority, who has been treating the case I speak of, tells me that ear troubles among visitors form a considerable portion of his practice, and that both men and ladies should plug the ear before taking to the really violent exercise which swimming and diving undoubtedly are."



## MISS MABEL LOVE.

*Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.*

An intense interest in her art, a sheer delight in the whole rhythm of the dance, an ambition to excel in the profession she has chosen, and a desire to widen the scope of her stage acquirements—this was the



MISS MABEL LOVE.

ultimate impression left on me after my chat with Miss Mabel Love in her pretty house in Buckingham Palace Road. She did not, it is true, put her ideas in this categorical fashion, but she couldn't help herself from giving expression to them in a more or less prosaic and diffusive way, as she went over her stage experiences of the last seven years.

She has assuredly not been idle. Unlike most popular actresses of her own age—she is not yet nineteen—Miss Love owes success not to one theatre or to one piece. Since she made her *début*, seven years ago, as a child in "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, she has been seen at the Opéra Comique, the Strand, the Globe, the Gaiety, Terry's, the Vaudeville, the Trafalgar, the Criterion, the Lyric, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, to say nothing of the provinces. And she has figured in all sorts of plays, and in several capacities in such, from grand opera to melodrama and pantomime. She has appeared in "Masks and Faces," "The Other Fellow," "The Highwayman," "Mamma," "Vote for Gigs," not to mention comedy and farce. Comic opera and burlesque have claimed her in "Faust Up To Date," "La Cigale," "The Wedding Eve," "The Magic Ring," "Don Quixote," "La Mascotte," "King Kodak," and "Little Christopher Columbus." In "The Harbour Lights" she got a glimpse of melodrama, and she is familiar with pantomime, by her having taken part in "Jack and the

Beanstalk," "The Babes in the Wood," "Red Riding Hood," and "Humpty Dumpty," and she wishes most of all to be Cinderella one day, because she fell in love with the part once she played it at a benefit.

"Then you are not a dancer pure and simple?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied promptly. "I began acting with no knowledge of dancing, and I used to do a lot of reciting. It was not until my third engagement, when I went to the Gaiety, that I learned that art. But what I prefer is to have a part in which dancing and acting are combined, as in my part of Pepita in 'Little Christopher Columbus,' at the Lyric, where I spent a delightful engagement of fourteen months in 'La Cigale,' and where I am booked to appear in the new piece, though I don't expect it will be put on for some time. As Pepita, I combine the acting of Miss Eva Moore and the dancing of Miss Alice Lethbridge."

"The latter of whom you will likely follow to the halls?"

"I don't think so, though I have had a good offer to appear at the Palace. But the halls wouldn't suit me. No; I prefer the theatre, and such a part as Pepita. It is not an easy *role*, for I have to change my costume so often. Why won't playwrights give us more acting-dancing parts combined?" she added, with a touch of regret at having, as a rule, to be satisfied with a mere dancing part.

"But then you dance so charmingly, and to keep up to form, I suppose, you must practise a good deal, which leaves you little time to study acting. Yet your success has been rapid."

"Oh, yes; but it has not, as people are apt to think, been easy. Good dancing means a lot of hard work. Every day I practise for at least an hour, and yet I always seem to have something to learn."

"But you invent some of your dances for yourself?"

"Sometimes, yes; but I'm always chary of trusting to myself. Much rather would I take my cue from Mr. John D'Auban, who is not only very ingenious, but who is a born teacher of his art."

"I suppose, however, you give lessons to lady amateurs?"

"Sometimes; but I don't care about it. It is rarely satisfactory, for ladies have seldom either the patience or the time to go in for it thoroughly. And amateur dancing—ough! Of course," she added, "dancing is one of the healthiest exercises, but to excel in it entails much labour."

"And one must have a good memory to remember the hundreds of steps you have at one time or another danced?"

"Oh, but I forget them. They are too intricate to remember in detail, though, of course, I could easily pick them all up again."

"Have you a preference for certain kinds of dancing?"

"No. A good dancer is one who dances from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. The whole body should take up the movement."

"As yours did when you danced that picturesque dance in that gorgeous crimson dress in 'La Cigale.'"

"Ah! I had lots of room there. One must have room. That is why I like to dance at Covent Garden, where, by-the-way, I made a great success in 'The Light of Asia.'"

"And are other conditions necessary?"

"Well, I prefer dancing in summer rather than in winter, for then, I think, the cold tightens one a little."

"Is it difficult to keep up to date, and dance according to the fashion?"

"That is quite easy if one keeps in good form, and practice alone secures that. But give me a part where I have a chance of acting as well as dancing," she continued, reverting to her ambition.

I thought that if she made as much of the combination as she does in "Little Christopher" her aspirations might, in the end, be more than satisfied, though I fancy most theatre folk will remember her best as a delightful dancer.

J. M. B.





MISS MABEL LOVE IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

*From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.*



AS A MARIONETTE.



IN THE MARIONETTE DANCE.



AS PEPITA.



DISGUISED AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER.

## SMALL TALK.

The investiture at Osborne last week was the final Court ceremony of the season, and there will be no more functions until the Queen returns to Windsor in November. Notwithstanding the comparatively limited accommodation at Osborne House, the ceremony was a decidedly striking one, and under Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane's skilful guidance everything passed off without the slightest hitch. The various recipients of honours got through the ordeal without any great display of nervousness. This must have been a relief to the Court officials after a recent experience at Windsor Castle, when a civic dignitary nearly fell headlong into the Queen's lap, so overcome was he in anticipation of the honour about to be conferred upon him.

The Queen's departure from Osborne, which had been arranged for Friday, was postponed until the following Monday, in order that her Majesty might hold the Council for the prorogation of Parliament before leaving the Isle of Wight. The Queen sanctioned this alteration only at the last moment, as it has been her Majesty's invariable custom to pass the 26th of August, the anniversary of the late Prince Consort's birthday, at Balmoral. It has been an unusual practice that the gentlemen of the household and upper house and estate servants should assemble at the Prince's memorial cairn on that day, and there drink in solemn silence a bumper of old "Chivas" to his memory. This cairn is a most prominent object on the hill above the Castle, and all persons passing along the north Deeside road see it plainly. It consists of a huge pyramid of stones, the lower tier of which is marked with the initials of each member of the Royal Family who was allied with Prince Albert.

Should the weather prove favourable on Deeside, the Queen will pass a good deal of time during the next few weeks at the chalet in Ballochbuie Forest and the little cottage at the Glassalt Shiel.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Homburg on Wednesday evening, and has commenced the ordinary routine of his "cure." The Prince looks somewhat worn, and has certainly not decreased in bulk; but the waters of Homburg always do him an immense amount of good. At half-past seven the Prince arrives at the Elizabeth Spring, takes the prescribed number of glasses, and promenades with his friends. At one he breakfasts in the veranda of the Park Hotel, and at half-past seven he dines at the restaurant attached to the Kurhaus, in both cases surrounded by a select party of friends, and punctually at eleven the Prince retires for the night. At the conclusion of his "cure" the Prince goes to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.

The Duke of Cambridge returns this week from the Continent, and will shortly commence his annual round of inspection. He is next month to be the guest of Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell, at Newburgh Park, Yorkshire, and he will also pay some visits in Scotland, including one to Lord and Lady Ancaster, at Drummond Castle, Perthshire.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole is passing the autumn at Dunkeld House, her beautiful place in Perthshire, and it is very likely that she will receive a private visit from the Queen early in October. The Dowager Duchess is one of the Queen's oldest and most trusted friends.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are now settled at New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, until the beginning of November. The Duke had a morning's deer-stalking in Mar Forest last week, and got a fine stag. There will be a series of deer drives during the visit of the Prince of Wales, who is expected at Braemar early in October.

The return of the Queen to Balmoral, the bazaar to be held there on Tuesday and Wednesday in aid of her kirk at Crathie, and the approaching gathering at Braemar bring the lovely upper reaches of the Dee into greater prominence this season than they usually are, even with their crowd of royalties and fashionable following. The book of the bazaar, as I noticed before, is unique in that class of literature. It has been edited by Mr. R. A. Profeit, a son of the Queen's Commissioner at Balmoral, and himself, I believe, the future Vice-Consul at Tunis. Braemar is crowded with notabilities. Quite a gloom was thrown over the village by the death of General Trench, who had been staying with his brother-in-law, Mr. Austen Leigh, and was found dead on the hills. Little wonder that Braemar has become fashionable, for I know few places in this country so bracing. Happily, the nearest railway station is eighteen miles distant, for the Queen has always been opposed to the approach of the railway to her Highland home, and in any case it would cost an enormous amount of money to make a railway in such a hilly district. Braemar is reached by four-in-hand coach, and the drive is very delightful. Living at Braemar in the season is rather expensive, but then one certainly gets value for money in the shape of an atmosphere that sets one up in the twinkling of an eye. The Danish Ambassador evidently knows this, for, I see, he is expected to go Braemar after a visit to Strathpeffer.

Hill climbing has been quite the fashion in these regions, and with such climbs as Ben Macdhui in view it is not a child's pastime. The greatest authority on the mountains of this part of the country is Mr. A. I. McConnochie. Long before it became a fashion, mountaineering was his hobby. He has climbed every peak, and that, too, at all seasons

of the year, for miles and miles around, and, not content with doing that, he has written a series of guides, which for accuracy and general interest have few equals in the somewhat dreary wastes of guide-book literature. He also started the Cairngorm Club, which is one of the few mountaineering societies in this country. It is named, of course, after the Cairngorm range of hills, which form a spur of the Grampians, and on which John Hill Burton, the "book-hunter," once wrote a most



"CHECKMATE!"

From a Photograph by Mr. W. A. Hawes, Aberdeen.

delightful book. To gain admission to the club, I may say, one must have made a mountain ascent of not less than 3000 ft. Mr. McConnochie, who is also an enthusiastic chess-player, is often accompanied on his expeditions by his collie, Jack, whom he has pitted against his Scotch terrier in a game of chess in the accompanying photograph.

Though all London is away and the Row a desert, there is plenty of amusement just now to be found in Hyde Park. Crossing from Albert Gate to the Marble Arch the other afternoon, I found quite a little crowd of unfashionables watching the rabbits, wood-pigeons, and pheasants at that delightful little spot where these creatures seem so much at home, and where, too, on the afternoon in question a gentleman who is often to be seen there was entertaining a large party of sparrows with bread-crumbs. These he has made so tame that they clustered round him, and actually flew within a couple of inches of his head, neatly fielding the crumbs he threw them, and catching them before they reached the ground. Further on was a youth of some seven summers, who performed prodigies with a pencil and paper, producing a wonderful resemblance of any celebrity named by an onlooker in a few bold strokes. The "York Baby," feeding-bottle and all, was a highly popular cartoon, though whether the likeness was a good one I am not in a position to decide; but the crowd were charmed, especially the ladies. Anon, I found a parti-coloured gentleman giving a really clever variety entertainment, and near the Marble Arch was the usual demagogue. Here, by-the-way, I am glad to see spiked railings have been put up to protect the grass. I really must recommend Hyde Park as a capital place of entertainment to those whose pockets are thinly lined.

The Oval was most certainly, as most of the papers remarked, "a scene of wild excitement" on the afternoon that Surrey and Lancashire tied, and the demon bowler of the latter county was nearly caught at the wicket when only one solitary run was required to give the northern county the victory. Indeed, with one exception, though I am a pretty constant attendant at first-class matches, I can remember no such exciting moment. The occasion I refer to was the Gentlemen v. Players in August, 1881, and the place was the historic ground at Brighton. In the first innings the opponents had tied, each team making the moderate score of 204, and, naturally, great was the interest taken by the big crowd that witnessed the playing of the second innings. The Players were all out for 112, and we all thought the Gentlemen would "walk in." Shaw was, however, in terribly good form, and down went the wickets, only four men getting into double figures, until the game stood nine wickets for 108. Mr. Appleby was the last man in; he hit Bates to leg for three, and then, amid breathless excitement, prepared to receive Shaw's over. The Nottinghamshire man bowled him a tempter, which he drove hard back to the bowler. Shaw jumped at the catch and brought it off, winning the match by one run amid the wildest excitement I ever saw upon a cricket field.

*À propos* of the Uniforms question, a correspondent writes me on the sale of decorations, medals, and so forth by officers and men who have either come financial croppers and are forced to sell their hall-marks of glory and good service, or whose relatives, they being no more, do it for them. It is disgraceful to see the V.C. put up for sale at public auction, and war medals nobly won besides, because, as they graphically put it in Ireland, "the money is wanting." Such decorations should be as returnable as the Garter, or purchase possible only to the department they were issued from. If such sales are impossible abroad, why should they be permitted in this country?



Much has been talked of late of the remuneration gained by men of letters, and a proud pre-eminence in this respect has, oddly, been assigned to a Danish Bishop, who is said to be the best paid author in the world, for merely having written a popular religious book called "Luther's Little Catechism." One verse of the Lord's Prayer, indeed, "Give us this day our daily bread," accompanied with the rather obvious commentary, "Pray for that only which you need," is said to have brought in some £200 to the Bishop.

"*Nous autres Anglais*" have had for some weeks in our midst an "intelligent foreigner" of the very best type. Familiar to readers of *Notes and Queries* is the name of Paolo Bellezza, a talented and cultured representative of Young Italy, and now Professor of Classics at the Government Lyceum in Milan. Signor Bellezza is spending here his summer vacation, and hopes when he returns, at the beginning of November, to the "City of the Iron Crown" to be able to speak English almost as well as he already writes it. With profile like that of a young Julius Cæsar, not at all dark, still in the prime and vigour of youth, this brilliant scholar and student of literature has assuredly a future before him.

Talking to a friend of mine the other day, Signor Bellezza gave some interesting details concerning his own career and his opinions on men and books. Historical and critical studies of his on Sallust and Tacitus were premiated by the Royal Academy of Milan; parts of an erudite work upon "Paradoxes" have been published in the *Rassegna Nazionale*; his treatise on Tennyson has already been commended by English critics; and proverbs, English and Italian, have also afforded him a theme for research. Signor Bellezza is now passing much of his time at the British Museum, where he is studying the Italian sources of Chaucer and the points of contact between William Langland ("Piers Plowman") and Dante. On the latter subject he intends to break lances by-and-by both with Professor Skeat and Mr. Furnival. He has been profoundly impressed by the influence upon Italian literature of many English writers—for example, Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Addison, Shelley, Byron, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Browning. He is not a warm admirer of that leading contemporary poet, Carducci, and regards Manzoni as the greatest Italian writer of the century. Signor Bellezza is a strong anti-Papal man, and is keenly alive to the deplorable harm done to his country by the overburdening taxation which the maintenance of the Army entails. Well-informed, clear-sighted, and eminently intellectual, Signor Bellezza is a most interesting and stimulating talker.

Three weeks ago, as my readers may recollect, a sketch appeared in these pages by Mr. Phil May, entitled "Deuced Funny," showing a tall gentleman telling a joke to another one. It may not be known to all of them, however, that Mr. May had drawn real portraits of Mr. Melton



Prior, the famous war correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, and Mr. Corbould, the artist whose horsey sketches are so familiar to students of *Punch*. The war correspondent playfully remonstrated with Mr. May, who has since artistically expressed his regrets in the accompanying sketch.

"The last place God made!" Such is the amiable comment made by a resident doomed to pass his existence in Keinton-Mandeville, an old-world Somerset village, which has the honour of being the birthplace of Henry Irving. The photograph appended depicts the humble dwelling where the great actor first saw the light. The place lies off the beaten



THE HOUSE WHERE MR. IRVING WAS BORN.

track, and is free from the tourist, whose visits are very rare to the quiet place, which boasts of a "corner shop" where they sell everything, and also has the proud distinction of being the first place in England to have a road railway laid down. This remarkable line will connect Keinton with Castle Cary, and will, while accommodating passengers, be the means of conveying large quantities of stone from the surrounding quarries, thus removing the old reproach, "Keinton-Mandeville is seven miles from anywhere."

It is a good many years since I had the pleasure of seeing that venerable gentleman, the Dean of St. David's, in his cathedral, which is so beautifully situated in an out-of-the-way corner of South Wales. I remember hearing of his love for the place, and how watchful an eye he kept on those restorations which have been in progress for more than twenty years. Recently, the Dean, who is over ninety, sent in his resignation, but I hear that, to the joy of all good Welshmen and all lovers of ecclesiastical architecture, he has been induced to withdraw it, and, in spite of his advanced age, we may hope that he will watch over this beautiful specimen of "Transition" work for many a long day. St. David's gets but few visitors, for it is some sixteen miles from the nearest railway station—Haverfordwest; but it is well worthy of a visit, and among its beauties is a most sumptuously carved timber roof, which would rejoice the heart of an antiquary of artistic instincts. Let me recommend intending visitors, if their "understandings" are strong enough, to walk the sixteen miles from Haverfordwest. They will be amply rewarded.

Talking of St. David's and Pembrokeshire reminds me that in the neighbouring county of Carmarthen there was celebrated the coming of age of the Hon. Walter Fitz-Uryan Rice, the heir of one of the oldest of Welsh families—that of Lord Dynevor. The Rices are descended from Uryan Reged, one of the ancient Cambrian monarchs who, if I remember rightly, are mentioned in Scott's tale of the Crusades, "The Betrothed," and Dynevor Castle was in the long ago their regal seat. It is situated on a lofty hill near Llandilo, and has stood more than one siege, and there the forces of Henry I. sustained a severe defeat at the hands of Llewellyn. Mr. Rice, the attainment of whose majority has been the cause of much festivity, is the only son of Lord Dynevor.

The last two volumes of the admirable "Border Edition" of the Wizard of the North will be published in a day or two, and it has, I am told, been extremely successful. This may, perhaps, be a surprise to those extremely modern folks who consider Sir Walter Scott old-fashioned and played out. It is probable, however, that Sir Walter will survive by many a day the opinions of these moderns. I was interested the other day to hear from one of the artists who has helped to illustrate the "Border Edition," and who is an intimate friend of Ruskin, that that philosopher has the highest opinion of the best of the works that flowed from the pen of the author of "Waverley," and not infrequently carries a volume of Scott in his pocket, from which he will read an extract now and again to those friends who are sufficiently intimate to be his guests in his delightful Lakeland home.

Sometimes, at that dull period of the year when old country gentlemen write to the *Times* about the size of their largest gooseberry, and mariners send to the "*D. T.*" an account of the wonderful animal they saw in mid-ocean—a cross between a whale and a dragon—the cry of the minor poet is heard. He takes advantage of London's emptiness to pour forth his complaint against readers, publishers, and reviewers, and the editor, knowing the silly season makes people indifferent as to what they read, prints the effusion of the minor one. A discussion follows, and when London returns to town the minor one subsides, happy in the small amount of notoriety he has received. Often, after wading through columns of drivel, I have read some letter that seemed to be founded on fact, and the other day I ascertained that some of the charges made by the poetaster are true. I was standing in the second-hand book emporium of a friend, regarding with covetous eyes a beautiful set of Landor's "*Imaginary Conversations*," when a man, heavily laden with books, entered the shop. I eyed him closely, and with instant suspicion, for on that callous face, in all the lines round that hard mouth, in the cruel, merciless eyes I read "*book-reviewer*." He penetrated to the innermost recess of the shop, threw his burden on the counter, and said laconically, "*How much?*" My friend looked at them, saw they were for the most part richly-bound minor poems, and said as briefly, "*No offer*." The villain, without moving a muscle, said, "*I know they're rubbish; I'll take a shilling*." The bargain was struck by the men, and I was struck by the bargain. The hard-mouthed man left the place, and I took up the books. Sure enough, they were marked "*With the publishers' compliments*," and—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, or any other place where there are minor poets—except the title-page, many of them were uncut! And in that moment I sympathised with the men of modest rhymes, uncut a page at random, and read two stanzas. Since then my sympathy has been with the book-reviewer. Suppose he read one of those poems through by inadvertence. How he would suffer! It is fortunate that such a thing is extremely unlikely.

Londoners are not sufficiently alive to the fact that one of the best ballet dancers the town has seen for years is "*in possession*" at the Empire. I refer to Signorina Bice Porro, who recently migrated from that unfortunate house across the road. When she was there she had no chance, but there were not wanting indications that she would take the first that offered. Now that she has reached the Empire, her progress is unimpeded, and her final *pas seul* in "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*" is worth going very far to see. It is the perfection of dancing, because every limb is in motion. Hands, arms, and head as well as feet move in harmony with each other, and the abandon and studied *insouciance* of the whole are delightful to see. Signorina Porro is as good as Legnani, and that is very high praise. It is well that the standard of orthodox Italian dancing is kept up in these days, when the demon of "*up-to-date*" is doing such a deal to destroy the ballet. It is a pity, of course, that we must go to the schools of Milan for our *premières*, but the fault is that of the English girls, who will not practise. There are at least a dozen in the Empire alone, graceful enough, shapely enough, and pretty enough to enjoy a tremendous triumph if they would only exert themselves. It is not the slightest good to remonstrate: there they remain, year in, year out, in the *corps de ballet*, and from that they will never move. There is but one consolation to be found in this state of things, and it exists in the fact that if they all practised and came out as principals the Empire would not hold them, and I should have to travel all over the place to see them, while now they are all focussed in one spot between the hours of 8 p.m. and midnight. I must go and see if the focus is complete, for Madame Lanner tells me something about applications for holidays.

Talking of dancing reminds me that in Spain the enthusiasm is dying out. During my holiday I saw seven or eight *zarzuelas*, or comic operas, and in only one was there any dancing. The fact is that the bull-fights swamp every other recreation in the country. "*Pan e los toros*"—that is to say, "*Bread and bulls*"—is the Spaniard's motto, and, as a matter of fact, he gets more of the latter than the former, and will starve himself for a couple of days to see some celebrated *matador* on the third. The consequence is that the theatres suffer, and I could not help comparing the wretched condition of Spanish artists with that of members of the profession in London. For the footlight favourites of the Metropolis, be they males, much liquid nourishment within marble halls and innumerable social functions; if they be females, numerous photos in the shop windows, heaps of admirers, and ever and anon a jewel robbery. In Spain, rehearsals during the day, when the thermometer is seriously thinking of bursting its case, three or four solid hours' work for seven nights a week, poor patronage, and indifferent pay. Theirs, indeed, is a hard lot, and I do not think that it can improve, especially between May and October, when the bull-fights are on. I remember a somewhat amusing incident in a theatre. I had been sitting through a piece for over an hour, hoping against hope for a dance, when suddenly the stage cleared and a man and a woman bounded on, dressed in the regulation costume. They faced one another, with what I took to be castanets in their hands. The scene represented a vineyard by moonlight. At last the music made up its mind, started something that was not a dance at all, and, without any provocation from the audience, the man and woman commenced to sing, and pelted each other with what I had taken for castanets, but what were really bunches of the little black grapes of the country. In great disgust I rose and left the house, and was told on the following morning that less than an hour after I left a *cachuca* was danced.

Mr. Arthur Playfair has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to fill a prominent part in the forthcoming opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Dr. Osmond Carr, to be produced on Oct. 1 at Daly's Theatre.

The bandana fever rages fiercely at present among men of the "*masher*" ilk as the most correct wear for ties, scarfs, and other neck gear. Have Chinese politics anything to do with this outbreak in crude colouring, I wonder—the bilious greens, uncompromising yellows, and blatant blues which bestow themselves in such oddly-patterned vagaries on the manly neck? I venture to hope that fashion will not insist on handkerchiefs to match our new scarfs. The bandana handkerchief, or "*nose wipe*," as they elegantly call it in America, is an unmitigated horror, and recalls the most repulsive traditions of a snuff-taking generation, so I humbly hope the hosier will spare us these reminiscences and leave the bandana to work out its mission elsewhere.

Ladies who are addicted to the gentle art of making scrap-books will be interested in knowing that an ancient specimen of that harmless amusement and prolific method of wasting time has lately been sold for the respectable figure of thirty-one pounds sterling at Sotheby's. I had a consuming curiosity about this priceless collection of cookery and complexion specifics, not to mention various other varieties which must be contained therein, and got permission from the proud purchaser to peep at his treasure. Nothing of the sort, however; the old folio was given up to other things than domesticity of stillroom and larder. A quaint and most interesting collection of dead-and-gone beauties was carefully pasted into the pages, over whose departed glories my bibliomaniac was going home to gloat. Of all things pleasant and possible, including even the fascinating husks of swine, I should not care to put a fortune into ancient folios.

The submerged tenth—or should I say the depressed millions?—whose income does not rise to the modest but comforting £500 a-year, will have a grain of comfort added to their picturesque poverty by reflecting that they can this year cut down the demands of ruthless Income Tax collectors by deducting £160 off their salary, which puts something like five pounds and odd shillings into their pockets, or, more properly, prevents it from being dragged out. In these times of universal hardness, this reminder will, I fancy, apply to a respectable number of the community. "*I often wish that I had clear for life £500 a-year*," wrote a well-known verse-maker, and I can fancy the not too ambitious poet would nowadays find some sympathisers in that pious sentiment. The Income Tax Commissioners, in offering a consolation prize for our deficiencies this year, are surely not less sympathetic than satirical.

The abrupt, unceremonious postcard, easy of despatch, though chary of epistolary etiquette, is brought still more within our familiar uses by this last amendment of postal matters, by which we will be allowed to stamp our own postcards with the modest halfpenny. There are many people who object to this rough-and-ready style of correspondence, but what a blessed innovation it has proved, nevertheless. There is absolutely no time for letter-writing nowadays. The prosy epistle so dear to our grandmothers has gone the way of most old things, and we hurriedly scribble lines or dash off postcards wherever admissible, permissible, or even otherwise. A well-known literary man said to me once that if telegraphing were less expensive it would be the "*ideal and only*" method of general correspondence, and there is very little doubt that a more expeditious method than even our daily post must "*arrive*" before very long.

Oh, these medical fads! We mustn't be shaved at the barber's; we mustn't shake hands; we mustn't handle strange banknotes—most of us would like the chance—and now, above all, that admirable and old-established custom of kissing—dear, I think, to most of us—is pronounced by a medical journal as an insanitary proceeding! Really, it is difficult to know how Love's young dream is to be successfully carried on in future. But before we surrender our rights to the chaste salute, let us appraise its value—

What is the value of a kiss? What worth  
Attaches to this little mute caress?  
Well, *cela dépend*: 'tis either more or less,  
As Fate directs, the sweetest thing on earth  
Or a mere nothing. Sometimes on a tress  
Of hair, a glove, a piece of napery,  
Such as a kerchief, or the drapery  
That charms conceal, 'tis wasted; but such joys  
Are for the timid loves of girls and boys.

Then there's the careless kiss, bestowed, perchance,  
On sisters, ancient cousins, maiden aunts,  
A tasteless salutation scarce amounting  
To a caress, and really not worth counting.

What of the kiss responseless, that's allowed  
But not returned? Well, if you are not proud,  
Not too exacting, that may satisfy;  
'Tis sweet, but I don't want it—no, not I.

I love to gaze into my lady's face,  
And watch those veiling lashes slowly rise  
From her sweet blushing cheeks' soft-rounded grace,  
Until I see reflected in her eyes  
Of perfect blue the fire that dwells in mine,  
And our lips meet together in a kiss,  
As each to each our throbbing hearts incline,  
And all reluctant part, so great that bliss.

Such kiss were worth an Eastern dowry—  
A kiss for which to live, in which to die!

And so, I think, we won't drop kissing just yet, in spite of the doctors.





MISS HAMER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE CITY OF A GREAT SILENCE.

BY EDWARD HERBERT.

## I.

"Wake up, man! I'm talking to you!"

"Look here, George," says Archie Wallace, suddenly rising, planting his feet on one of George's tiger-skins, and looking very serious indeed, "I am going to tell you what I've never told a living soul before, and you shall judge whether or not I had reason to be quiet and thoughtful when those noisy chaps started talking of dreams, and all the rest of it. They're nice lads, George, but I'm glad they are gone. Dreams! What is there, after all, in dreams? And yet" (very absent-mindedly)—"and yet, although it is three years ago, I can see it to-day as I saw it then—a City of Great Silence."

"Well, sit down, then," says George, briskly and good-humouredly, as he saunters away to draw the curtains. "Just hold on while I light this lamp. 'A City of Great Silence,' eh? Sounds dramatic, but somewhat obscure. Now, fire away!"

Quietude and clouds of smoke for about three minutes, and then, with sundry hesitations, Archie commences his tale.

"I must remind you, George, that it is now six years since we met—you and your sister and I. Two years later, when you returned post-haste from Algiers in order to see us married, you declared that your greatest wish had been fulfilled, and I—well, I felt that life had just begun. That was in the month of roses, four short years ago. And now, George, you are sisterless and I am wifeless, and all through my own folly. Don't say a word, now, for, as I live, it is the truth, and you shall learn what manner of shadow it is that has fallen upon me and made me what I am to-day. Oh, yes; I know very well what people are thinking when they look at me, and I can't shake it off. I never forget. Like Halvard Solness, Ibsen's Master-BUILDER, I lack a 'robust conscience,' George; but"—with a slight laugh—"you'll wonder what all this has to do with dreams. Do you know, I have my vague doubt; at times as to whether I did—but I'll start from the beginning."

"You recollect the active part I used to take in politics, and how popular I was in Norton Weevill, and my advent there as a Parliamentary candidate? Nell and I had not long returned from our trip in Norway, when the local Three Hundred sent up a deputation begging me to contest the seat. The sitting member was old Lemuel Blissett, you know. There were rumours in the air about some building society business, and it was thought that a strong candidate might win the seat."

"Youth, energy, popularity, and money were needed. The party would find the funds, and I possessed every other requisite quality. My ambition was fired, and I saw the opening to fame and fortune for which I had been waiting. How useless and silly it all seems now! I thought differently just then, and I saw that nothing would so well serve the advancement of my schemes as a seat in the House. But it was partly for her sake, George, partly for Nell's sake—I swear it was. . . ."

"I beg your pardon. What was I saying? Norton Weevill—oh, yes. Well, Nell opposed it with the natural conservatism of her sex; but, as you know, I never liked to see women take much interest in politics, so that her opposition appeared not at all unnatural. I gently laughed it down, made my preparations, and in a few weeks we moved into Norton Weevill, where I commenced to 'nurse' the constituency with my usual unflagging energy. But I didn't understand her, George, or I should never have treated her opinion so lightly. She never opposed me again in such a matter. That was her pride. I didn't realise it then, but I see it all now plainly enough."

"On returning home from a committee one day, I met my old friend Dr. Jennings standing at our gate. He was absent-mindedly stripping a rose-bush of its buds, and looked full of thought."

"What is wrong, Doctor?" I exclaimed. "You look serious. Good God! there is nothing the matter with—" The question died away in my throat."

"Walk a few yards with me, Wallace," he replied, regarding me gravely; "I want to talk to you. Now, you ought to have seen that for weeks past Mrs. Wallace has been ill. The place does not suit her, man. Too relaxing. You must take her away at once."

"But, Doctor—" I cried in dismay.

"But, Doctor—nothing! I say. You must take her way. Do you understand?"—curtly—"or I'll not answer for the consequences." Then, impatiently flinging away the pilfered rosebuds, he held out his hand. "Now, good-bye. Somewhere bracing, mind—East Anglia, by preference."

"Stunned with this news, I entered the house and called anxiously

for Nell. She flew downstairs, with her usual bright smile and her eyes dancing with pleasure. Poor Nell! It struck me then how often I would return absorbed in my day's programme, and wait contentedly enough for her appearance."

"And yet I swear before God that she was dearer to me then, George—a hundred times dearer—than even in the days of our courtship. And I was pretty far gone at that time, as you know."

"Why, how pale and troubled you look!" she exclaimed anxiously, holding up her mouth to be kissed, just like a child. "Come and sit in this easy-chair." Then, kneeling by me, with her elbows on my knee and her thoughtful face between her hands, "Archie, you are really overdoing yourself. I do wish you would take more rest, dear."

"The words and the little sigh cut me like a knife. The least change in me was noticed at once, while I had been absolutely blind to the marked change in the child, which I now realised only too clearly."

"Temporarily throwing politics to the winds, I carried her off to Cromer before another week had passed, and for the next fortnight I never left her side. Everything pleased her. The fresh, cool breezes from off the sea seemed to give her new life. The boating excursions on the Broads—one time rowing, another time sailing—trips into Norfolk, when we wandered through quaint, sleepy old villages, or lost ourselves among the pines, the cliffs, the sands, the country—all were equally



"Sounds dramatic, but somewhat obscure."

delightful to her. Indeed, she picked up so wonderfully during this time that I soon became quite easy. Urgent representations, too, were reaching me from Norton Weevill, where they anxiously awaited my reappearance, and at length I made arrangements to spend three or four days a week there, running down to Cromer from Friday to Monday."

"Now, don't overwork yourself, you bad boy," she would say in her loving way when I was leaving her each week."

"And she never complained, George, or reproached me. Never reproached me once."

For a few minutes there is no sound save the tick of the little Swiss clock, and the splash of hurried cab-wheels through the muddy street without, and George pulling a bit heavily at his pipe."

Then he clears his throat."

"Light up, old man," he says, somewhat unsteadily, pushing a queer old brown stone jar across the table. "Try some of this. Smokes well."

Appallingly bald, no doubt; but it is only in novels, you know, that grown men go into heroics or hysterics when their feelings are deeply stirred. At such moments, in real life, their actions and words are most painfully commonplace. George did and said just exactly what nine men out of ten would have done and said under the circumstances."

And so Archie is suddenly brought back to earth, and mechanically knocks the cold ashes out of his pipe and refills it, and lights it, and immediately lets it out again. Then he resumes his story."



"Yes, of course, I know. Hadn't got to the dream, had I? I'll cut it short now, old man. Well, so satisfied was I with Nell's progress, that I made up my mind to spend a whole fortnight right off at Norton Weevill, finishing up with a grand demonstration. I would then get back to Cromer, with a prospect of at least six or seven delightful weeks before a dissolution might be expected.

"I flung myself feverishly into the preparations for the demonstration. Some of the great speakers of the party agreed to come down and support me. The constituency soon flamed with large placards announcing the meeting.

"Until within three or four days of the important event, I had sat down each morning to write a little love-letter to Nell. Sitting there, freed, for the time being, from the excitement of my work, my thoughts would stray back to the child as I last saw her, standing on the station platform, waving her handkerchief to me. Such a fragile, girlish figure, George, with a bright smile on the lips, but such a tired, serious look in the eyes. Then would come the craving to throw up the whole affair and fly off to Cromer, and coax away that shadow from her dear eyes. But I dared not face the storm that a retreat would have brought about

## II.

"I was in a great and beautiful city. I can see it now, George, with its splendid buildings, the white stone and marble glistening in the sun. From public halls and galleries there rose grand domes and slender spires, standing out in their beauty against a southern sky. On every side were fountains, with grateful patches of fresh greensward, and young trees affording a slight but pleasant shade.

"The carved balconies of the tall dwelling-houses were hung and festooned with velvets and woven cloths and all manner of rich and costly stuffs, dyed in the most brilliant colours.

"The whole surroundings spoke of some public rejoicing. Along the pathways stood gaudy Venetian masts, wreathed with roses and other flowers, and with streamers of every hue. Across the wide streets strings of flags fluttered lazily in the slight breeze. Throngs of gaily-dressed folks were abroad, laughing, talking, cheering. Mingled with the babel of voices came the strains of military bands playing lively airs, to which the children kept time as they skipped along the streets.

"Everybody carried roses. On all sides one saw the Queen of Flowers. 'Roses red and roses white,' roses damask, pink, and cream—the sight of them bewildering, the scent of them intoxicating. They fell on one from the festooned masts, and fluttered down from the balconies, where pretty women and their cavaliers had gathered to watch the crowd.

"I stood and looked up the main street. The perspective terminated in the view of a stately cathedral—a piece of superb architecture, whose tower, and graceful spires, and fretted roof, and stained windows might have roused the envy of Bruges or Strasburg.

"All this time my presence in the city was of an indefinable character.

"In the crowd and with the crowd, I yet felt myself apart from and outside of it. I felt as one might feel who walks among his fellow-men, himself unseen.

"Suddenly a vague, indefinite presentiment swept over me. The holiday-making jarred upon me. It all seemed incongruous, irreverent. Even at that very moment I saw ruddy faces around me grow pale and stern. Women caught the arms of husbands or lovers, and children drew together or flew to their mothers.

"On the steps of the great cathedral stood a tall figure, dressed in the habit of a monk, his black robe nearly touching the ground, and his black cowl falling forward and hiding his features. In an instant the gossip and laughter sank into the most complete silence. With one discordant crash the music stopped, and all that remained of it was the quick rat-tat of the drums—an ominous, hollow sound, which, as it died gradually away, accentuated the pall of silence that had now fallen over everything.

"The fountains no longer played.

Flags and streamers hung heavy and motionless; trees and flowers drooped and withered in an atmosphere as chill as that of a charnel house.

"Lips moved, but no sound issued from them.

"The sunlight had faded from the streets, and a grey shadow was creeping over the whole city.

"Again I looked towards the cathedral. The crowd was now falling back to either side, making way for a procession of monks as it emerged from the doors of the cathedral. Slowly, silently it moved down the street. Every eye was fixed upon it in apprehension: every cheek was blanched.

"As it approached, men, women, children dropped down insensible, and no one appeared to notice or to mind. A wife slipped heavily from her husband's arm. He put out his hand mechanically—helplessly—but never took his gaze from the approaching procession. Strong men fell without a struggle. Children dropped senseless, and the crowd trod on them quite unconsciously.

"With all this there was neither cry nor moan. Just silence, a deep hush, and that contagious fear.

"The monks were barefooted and robed in black, with great cowls shadowing every feature, and in their midst they bore a catafalque. Upon the bier lay a corpse, covered, all save the face, with a purple pall. The face was hidden beneath a fine linen cloth.

"As the bier approached, my gaze was riveted by a faint movement under the white coverlet. At the very moment that the catafalque passed before my eyes, the cloth was lifted slightly. With perfect distinctness I saw the face. Then the cloth fell back again.

"Meanwhile, the grim procession had passed on its way. The crowd was breaking up, and melting away as noiselessly as the black-robed figures



"I was in a great and beautiful city."

my ears. I absolutely dared not. And, after all, it was not so long now to the meeting, and within twenty-four hours of that event I would be off to Cromer.

"I began to shrink from these quiet little pauses in my work, and so one wire from myself to Nell, and one tender little note from her, were the only communications that passed between us that week.

"The day came, with all its intense excitement. Upper Norton High Street was gay with my supporters' flags and bunting, and innumerable brass bands marched to and fro with no apparent destination. Even some of the large villas in the Newland Road were brave with the party colours. It seemed that the whole town was gathered into the beautiful Newland Meadows. Great refreshment tents, with fluttering pennons, surrounded the field. The platforms were grouped in the cool shadow of the elms.

"There was a cloudless sky and a slight breeze from the south, which tempered the heat of the sun. Never had a more successful meeting been known. The great party orators were at their best. I myself had a magnificent reception, culminating, as I attempted to drive from the field, by the bay mare being taken from my dog-cart, which, with myself and my chairman in it, was then dragged through the town by a multitude of willing hands and arms.

"At last I escaped, and, hot, tired, and worn out, I made for home. I decided to catch the night mail to London, and go on to Cromer by the first train in the morning. Having told my man to pack my Gladstone, I retired to the cool study and threw myself on the couch. I was filled with the brightest hopes. My reception had been flattering beyond expectation. But, above all, I should to-morrow be holding my dear wife once more in my arms.

"Soothed with these pleasing thoughts, I must have fallen asleep.

had passed from sight. Some folks lingered to revive friends or dear ones who had fallen in the street. A few Good Samaritans lifted the fainting figures of strangers, and carried them into neighbouring houses. The most went on their way, quietly, quickly, without an exchange of a look or a whispered word.

"The sky was now overcast with leaden, sulphurous clouds, and the city was wrapped in an oppressive grey shadow. The very stillness of the atmosphere seemed to choke one.

"It was truly at that moment a City of a Great Silence.

"Suddenly and simultaneously, a tongue of fire shot from the clouds, and a crash of thunder went pealing and echoing through the deserted streets.

"The Dream City vanished.

"I started to my feet, that crash still ringing in my ears, and as wide awake as if I had been plunged up to the neck in cold water. The last glows of sunset, yet lingering in the west when I returned, had now faded away. Outside, a few weary stragglers from the demonstration were hastening home.

"I laughed aloud, a forced laugh, that sounded strangely in the silent room. I easily explained my dream and my sudden awakening. Of course, the noise that had roused me was a knocking at the house-door. A loud knocking. Why need people knock in that way? But all my common-sense explanations failed to dismiss the strange presentiment of my dream. All must have known that nameless dread at some time or another. It weighed upon me now, and chilled me to the bone.

"Quick steps were flying to answer the knocking at the door. I stood listening, as if Fate were in every step. The house-door closed.

"The steps returned, and the next instant someone was at my study door. My lips moved; but there was no sound. Knock, knock, again. I crossed the room and opened the door. It seemed easier to do that than to speak. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice. A maid was standing there.

"A telegram, Sir. The boy says—"

"I took the yellow envelope and the slip of paper that accompanied it, and closed the door.

"Through a blunder in the address, the message had been delayed. It should have reached me late the night before.

"Two or three times I mechanically read it through before I could grasp its meaning.

"Come at once; your wife is ill, and asks continually for you. Do not delay."

"It was all over then. I knew now whose face it was I had seen in my dream. I am not superstitious, George, but I felt—I knew that the message had, indeed, reached me twenty-four hours too late.

"How I got to London and waited there that night without the loss of my sanity I hardly know. When I reached Cromer the next day, they told me that my hair was grey.

"I was too late, of course. You already know. She was dead, your sister, George, whom you were so proud to see married to me. She had died soon after sunset the previous evening, and her last words were that I stood there and did not recognise her. And so, calling to me, her loving heart had broken."

The little Swiss clock ticks on, and cab-wheels are still splashing through the wet streets. The ashes are cold now in two pipes, but this time the brown stone tobacco-jar remains untouched.

## "THE UNSEXED WOMAN."

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

Aunt Jane is very advanced in her opinions. She is always blaming me for being too timid, and calls me a poor creature. I know it, I feel my inferiority; but then I am only an average girl, and even the scientific people say one can't change one's nature. However, I am always willing to learn, and when Aunt Jane proposed taking me to a meeting in favour of Woman's Franchise I assented eagerly. I wanted to see what the so-called unsexed women were really like, and if they wore very dowdy clothes, for, of course, no girl who respected herself could feel in sympathy with a society that neglected the art of dressing. The room was very full, and I am bound to confess that I looked in vain for pretty faces and smart frocks among the audience. Most of the women were elderly, and seemed very serious. I wore a most becoming hat, and I noticed one or two glances of contempt directed towards it. The meeting was very informal; there was no platform, and the speakers and their friends chatted together, and seemed to look upon the whole affair as a little friendly gathering. The first speaker was a very well-known lady indeed; her forehead was high and well-developed, and she had not an atom of fringe, so I knew at once what to expect. She was very logical, very matter-of-fact, very incisive, and very clever. She spoke in quick, abrupt sentences, which clicked off like the snap of a lock, and I felt sure she would inevitably have the best of a domestic argument. There was no weakness about her. She told us that every one of us, however feeble, could help in the great cause. We could talk to our servants, our poor people, and our mothers' meetings. She quoted satisfactorily the answer of one poor woman whom she had advised to think over the matter, "It don't want no thinking about." No; it all seemed as clear as day. The paupers would soon be able to vote, the lunatics in their lucid moments could vote, the ex-convicts could vote, everybody could vote except

the women. It was a real case of one woman, no vote. The woman must pay her taxes, must be rated, must obey the laws, but she mustn't vote, when even her odd-man or the hedger-and-ditcher could do so. My heart burned within me as I listened. I had never felt my degradation before. If women could not fight, they at least brought the fighters into the world, she said, and in the struggle left their annual 11,000 for dead on the field of battle.

She talked of the party of privilege and pique, but I could not rightly gather whether it was male or female, nor understand why Lord Salisbury had said the Registration Bill only affected the absent and the dead. Anyhow, I felt for the lady who asked her coachman whether he had exercised the franchise, and was answered by the question, "Which of them new 'osses is that, M'm?" I entirely agreed that politics couldn't have a degrading tendency when all the men were so anxious for the women's services at their elections, though they snubbed the idea of their voting; while as to taxation, of course, if we are made to pay those horrid rates Papa is always grumbling about, it stands to reason we want to know what they are for.

After this a nice, quiet, amiable, and most apologetic man spoke. He said he didn't care very much about the Woman's Franchise; in fact, he thought it quite a secondary question; still, he was going to vote for it, and he wished us to have it. I thought this so noble of him, especially as he had rushed down from the House of Commons in the midst of very important business on purpose to take the chair for a few minutes. He confessed the anomaly of the woman's vote for Parliament being denied her, while she enjoyed it on the School Board, the County and Town Councils. However, he attributed the general indifference on this subject to the apathy of women themselves, and urged us rather to convert our sisters than our brothers. I thought this very wise, because, after all, women are narrow-minded and very conservative.

Then we had a delightful experience—a speech from a real unsexed woman, who had come all the way from New Zealand to tell us how women exercised the franchise there. She was young and pretty, and had a quite frivolous bunch of lilies-of-the-valley pinned to her breast; she was nicely dressed, too, and wore a becoming black hat. She told us how at first she had been the only woman at the men's meetings, and how people said it was very unladylike to know anything about politics, and how the other ladies all said "Fie!" and stayed at home to work slippers. After a bit, however, things improved, and one lady issued her husband's address, and won the election in his absence. Drunkenness diminished; it was no longer considered *chie* to make the electors drunk for a month beforehand, or to let out rowdism rampant in the streets. "Yes," said this courageous young lady, "we shall soon outvote men and elect our own candidates." She scorned the idea that taxpayers only should vote, scouted the thought that the franchise would cause domestic dissension, and declared that real marriage can withstand even political strife. I wish I knew where those real marriages can be picked up. By this time I was snorting defiance myself, and quite ready to go down into the arena and do battle. Aunt Jane smiled and nodded her head and thumped her umbrella on the floor as the speakers went on, *crescendo*, warming to their work, and growing more and more outspoken. I thought I should not mind being an unsexed woman, wearing nice clothes and being adored by my husband. But now came the cream of the meeting—a dark, handsome, earnest, and interesting woman, with yellow roses in her hat and a voice as mellow and deep as Miss Yohé's, which she knew how to modulate so ably that I felt a little creep down my back, just as I do at the Opera. Hitherto we had been logical, matter-of-fact, aggressive; now we became ardent and enthusiastic. The poor weak fallacies that women ought not to be political, or only in woman's own particular way—which meant convincing the poor tired husband when he came home to dinner in the evening—were victoriously dispelled by her, and melted away like cobwebs. Men had formerly claimed the right to their wives' purses, their persons, and their opinions; they had lost the two former, and now the era of free opinion had dawned. Women were to be citizens, not chattels. They were to develop their minds instead of being servant to a wooden cradle or a mere appendage to man; they were to cultivate their own individuality, to increase the horizon of their interests, to do good and to save their souls, so that the old epitaph in the churchyard, "Here lie drowned eleven souls and one woman," might be an exploded anachronism. Virtue, now militant, no longer doing wool-work, the souls of human beings would be free to purify the world and to defeat the sub-logical consciousness of men that women must know none of these things. Teach women responsibility, teach them to right their wrongs, and, above all, be patient with their errors, for "he who never made a mistake never made anything": that was the whole duty of man.

Other speakers followed, but these stirring words were enough for me. I had felt the woman's influence and personality, and I whispered to Aunt Jane, who was staring stolidly before her, "I will ask for the suffrage, too." "Do, my dear," said Aunt Jane, "and remember we had it once, before the Reform Act of 1832."

So now, I, too, am an unsexed woman; though I feel pretty much the same. I looked carefully at myself in the glass as my maid brushed my hair out that evening, and I thought that, after all, the electors would have an awfully good time of it in the future, when a pretty girl convinces them of their mistakes, and sells her kisses as the price of their conversion. Women are nothing if not thorough. Even I really feel an extraordinary new sense of my own importance in the economy of Nature, and I am firmly determined to take some elocution lessons, and learn how to speak as prettily and convincingly as the ladies who have wakened my soul within me and taught me the lesson of life,





DOLCE FAR NIENTE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, BRICK STREET, S.W.

## THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

## III.—THE VAGABOND CLUB.

"Our Noble Selves," à la Grant Allen (he ought to be a member), would more adequately describe the august body of which I have the honour to be the secretary. When we were vagabonds we did not call ourselves so, but cheerfully used to meet at the late Philip Bourke Marston's rooms in Euston Road after a frugal dinner at Pagani's. There, amid clouds of smoke, people did just what they pleased until the small hours of the morning. Marston had the supreme gift of attracting the most dissimilar men and making them harmonise; he was the only religion some of them had. This circle of friends numbered about a dozen, and the last time I saw Marston before his death was when he attempted to recite a sonnet beginning "I stood amid the ruins of my soul," but was unable to finish it. I am not aware that anyone has ever



G. B. BURGIN.

analysed the secret of his extraordinary powers of fascination; it was a personal magnetism which never relaxed.

When Marston died the old meetings at Pagani's became constrained. There were too few of us. We did not like to talk about the dead man present at the feast. For some time we drank to his memory in solemn silence, a silence eloquent of pain. One by one the old familiar faces began to drop off, strangers wanted to join us, and we ceased to do outward homage to the memory of our founder. Pagani's became too limited; we wandered about on the face of the earth seeking a dining place. The meetings were supposed to be once a month; but C. N. Williamson—I think he was secretary then—forgot to send out the cards on one occasion, and we missed our dinner. Then H. Edwin Clarke—he and his brother-poet, Wyville Home, were two of Marston's oldest friends—nobly drew up a set of rules, and proposed that we should meet at the Mitre, in Chancery Lane. There the membership gradually crept up to sixty, and is now limited to a hundred. The club rules of admission are so elastic, however, that a Nova Scotian artist once proposed a Mic-Mac Indian chief (Knick-Knack would have been more appropriate) for membership, and we gravely elected him, feeling that, as vagabonds, it behoved us to extend a hearty welcome to our primeval brother. When we found out that he wanted us to receive his subscription (half-a-crown) in basket-ware, and expected to be provided with unlimited rum at the club's expense, we declined to accept the red man's invitation to go to Cape Breton for an initiatory ceremony. One member was of opinion that he could give what he called "pointers" to even a Mic-Mac Indian in the way of drinking rum, but the club refused to countenance so indecorous a proceeding. It seemed unfair to bring the poor Indian all the way to England and then break his heart by defeating him in such a contest.

Almost the last appearance of Dr. Westland Marston in public was at the Mitre one night, to meet his son's friends. Even the men who didn't know him felt that this courtly old man had something heroic in him. He was broken with age and sorrow, bidding good-bye to the world, yet could not leave it without a few words to those who remained to perpetuate the Marston tradition. Dr. Marston called for a colossal bowl of punch and drank with us to the memory of his son. As he did so, I can remember how the face of poor old Leopold Lewis peered

and among that hundred are to be found journalists, artists, faddists, misogynists, optimists, pessimists, and novelists of all descriptions.

It is vaguely believed that the Vagabond Club has a committee; but, as no earthly power can ever succeed in getting all its members together at the same time, the club possesses a happy safeguard against radical innovations. Every now and then some active member proposes changes which are agreed to enthusiastically and referred to the committee. There are also some elaborate rules, although the intellect of any single member is scarcely sufficient to grasp the subtle distinctions which they hint at rather than enforce. The one stern fact which most of the members understand is that they have to pay half-a-crown a year each for club expenses. When applied to for the half-crowns most of them consider it a deadly insult, and hint that the secretary is meditating a flight to the Argentine Republic, there to join a fellow-philanthropist.

At the dinner, which always takes place on the first Friday in the month to suit the critics (few playwrights dare to produce a new piece on Friday), the chair is usually taken by the least sensitive member of the club who happens to be present. I once inquired for the secretarial gavel at dinner some years ago, whereupon the waiter produced the handle of one. I asked what was the matter with it. "Well, Sir," said the waiter, "there was a dinner 'ere last night, Sir, and one gent who was beginnin' to get a leetle fla-vi-our about him chucked this gavel at another similar gent, and they both lost their 'eads.'" Occasionally a man wants to recite after dinner. If he does it again he is cautioned. The feeling of the members is rather in favour of a quiet chat and smoke. Sometimes Jerome K. Jerome, Robert Barr, Conan Doyle, Barry Pain, or Zangwill are, with difficulty, induced to read a new article or story, and there is a tradition that a very young member once recited an original poem. He has never been seen since. One evening the next



Oyez, Meslizes!

Know by these p' ye are bidden to p' next dinner, which is to be eaten at p' Holborn Restaurant on Friday p'... dape of... and further more p' ye sholde sende answer to Master Geo. Burgin, att xv Grays Inn Square. Vivat Regina.

THE POSTCARD OF INVITATION.

room to us was occupied by a collection of Dissenting ministers dining together. One of our own members, of somewhat clerical appearance, was seized by their head-waiter. "You're making a mistake, Sir," the head-waiter solemnly assured him. "That's the Vagabond Club room, Sir. If you go in there, you won't know yourself again when you come out."

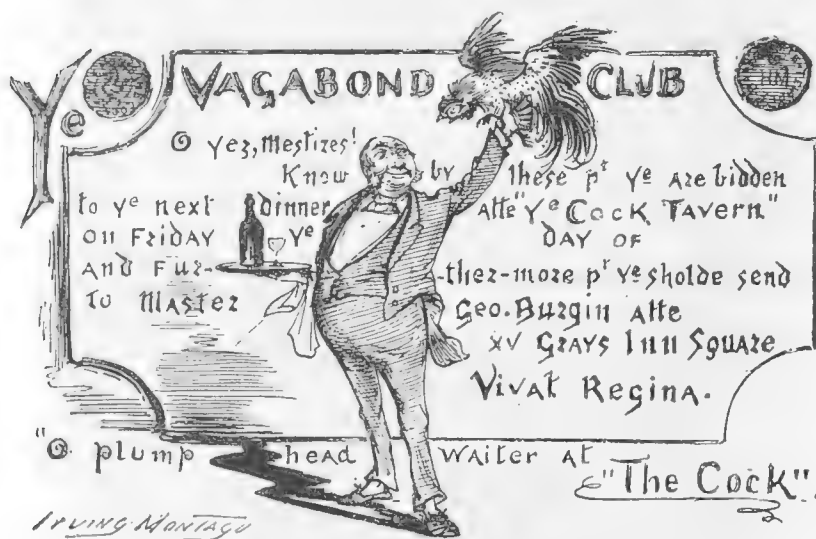
F. W. Robinson, as the *doyen* of the club, is generally to be found in a corner enacting the part of Good Samaritan to the younger men who are trying to storm stony-hearted London. Walter Besant heads the list of honorary members, and the half-dozen most successful literary men of the day are to be found enrolled in the club archives. Every member is expected to know every other member, so that a very real tie of brotherhood obtains all round. The club is genuinely proud of every member's success, and grieved when he fails. Within the last three years it has experienced far more pleasure than grief.

The secret sorrow, however, which wears his young life away and cankers the heart of every secretary the club has had since its inception is the fact that under no circumstances will members answer their postcards bidding them to the feast. I once tried sending return postcards. In the present elastic state of the law of libel it is impossible to say more. "Seasons return," but those postcards never did.—G. B. B.

## THE CURLING TONGS.

If flesh is heir to many ills, the woman who curls her "bang" with the aiding and abetting spirit-lamp can go one further, and eventually fare worse by means of this destroying element. Scarcely a week passes that one does not see a case of burning by the methylated spirit fiend in some paper, and in nine cases out of ten the cause begins in that fascinating little fringe without which lovely woman is a bare-faced being indeed. I saw an excellent substitute for the spirit-lamp lately in a friend's dressing-room, which should be known by everyone who has electric light in her house, as the very acme of comfort and celerity in the matter of hair-curling. A connection had been made by which the electric wires heated a curling iron placed on the dressing-table in less than a minute, and the entire arrangement had only cost a couple of well-expended guineas. Nothing is more dangerous than the ordinary spirit-lamp at which women worship now. Methylated spirit is like Greek fire, so difficult to extinguish, and if I were in Parliament I should bring in a Bill for the total abolition of all "bangs" manipulated at its destroying altar.

c.



slowly round the door, and he emphatically informed us, for the hundredth time, that his translation of "The Bells" was the work of the century.

After a time, the more adventurous spirits in the club tired of the Mitre, and so we migrated *en masse* to the gilded halls of the Holborn Restaurant.

But over all there hung a shadow and a fear.

A sense of ever-present waiters haunted, and we flitted to the Cock, in Fleet Street. The membership has been limited finally to a hundred,



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

*From Photographs by Sarony, New York.*



IN "LA CIGALE."



IN "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA."



IN "LA CIGALE."



IN "THE MOUNTEBANKS."

## "QUEEN OF THE BRILLIANTS."

### A TALK WITH MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

After much thought, I have agreed with myself to say simply that the study-boudoir—if that's it—in which I held talk with Miss Lillian Russell the other afternoon was an even mixture, to a fraction, of daintiness and comfort.

You see, that is bound to be an accurate description, anyhow, while if I went into detail, the colours of the carpet, and so on, I should go



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

wrong, to a dead certainty. Moreover, George Robert Sims, Archibald Forbes, Henri Rochefort, and all the other notable folk who live in Clarence Terrace, looking out on Regent's Park, would be wanting to have their nice rooms described.

What Miss Russell wore, except that the skirt was dark and the rest of the costume wasn't, I'm sure I don't know. But I do know that she looked fine, and there was the gleam of jewels on her fingers and at her throat.

"Well, and have you come to hear about the season we are to open at the Lyceum?" she greeted me, and I said I had. She was searching, I think, for an American rocking-chair, but, alas and alack! there wasn't one about.

"Are you going to pay us a long visit," I asked, "or a short one, or one betwixt and between short and long?"

"Not very long. We—by which I mean the Lillian Russell Opéra Comique Company—are to open at the Lyceum on Sept. 8—that is, on Saturday night. We shall play onward from that date for six weeks, and then sail for America."

"Have you ever played in London before, for, really, I'm not quite certain if you have or not?"

"Oh, yes; but a long while since, and only a little then. I was almost new to the stage at the time, and had not done a great deal even in America; but still I had a very pleasant reception here. To all intents and purposes, however, this is my *début* before the English public."

"And how do you look forward to it—with entire confidence, I should think?"

"Certainly, I'm altogether hopeful, and hopeful for the reason that we mean to submit as good a bill of fare as ever we can. We want to win kind thoughts, to attach popularity, to have approving things said of us by simply deserving them. English people, like American people, go to see an attractive play artistically played, and I trust we shall not disappoint. Assuredly, we are working hard, so we may please."

"You are to throw all your strength into one piece during the six weeks?"

"Yes; a comic opera entitled 'The Queen of the Brilliants,' which has been adapted from the German of Jakobowski by Mr. Brandon Thomas. There are three scenes, the movement is rapid and vivacious, the groupings and scenery very picturesque, I think, and the music bright and melodious. When I say that, don't, please, imagine that I'm anticipating what the critics will say of the play; I'm just giving you my impression of it beforehand."

"Your own part, that of the heroine, what of it—do you like it?"

"Capitally; and Mr. Brandon Thomas has written a number of new songs specially for me. Betta, the heroine, is Countess of Caprimonti, a pretty, clever, merry girl, with a long pedigree as well as a title, but little of the world's goods. Whether it's on account of her looks, or because she thinks it rather a fruitless business to go on living on pedigree alone, I don't know, but her sisters, who are many, make her rather an exception among them. Her opportunity comes one day. She is thoroughly trained in music, develops the powers she had promised from the beginning, and attains fame and fortune as the leading member of an opera company called 'The Brilliants.'"

"Hence the title of your opera, 'Queen of the Brilliants'? And isn't there a King as well—I mean a hero?"

"Surely; and a delightful fellow, by name Florian, who, like Betta, has many ups and downs before perfect happiness comes to them both, in the last act. If I were going to a theatre to see an opera, I think I should try 'The Queen of the Brilliants,' and I'm not saying more. You know, I am sometimes a theatre-goer in the ordinary sense, so I may say that, may I not?"

"'Queen of the Brilliants' will be quite new to an English or an American audience—a new opera, really—it has been adapted entirely for your company?"

"Oh, certainly, and the company has mostly been formed here in London—as strong a company it is as we have been able to gather together. Opera, company, scenery, everything, we shall go from the Lyceum to the new theatre Messrs. Abbey and Grau have built in New York, there to play through the winter."

"Coming back to the old country when—for I'm sure you like it almost as much as your own?"

"Like England? I do indeed, and if England, when she has got to know me a little, thinks she'll like me, why, I'll be back next spring to play a regular season. As a secret, I may tell you that a new comic opera, entitled 'Cleopatra,' has been written for me with that object. You know, we've had Cleopatras and Cleopatras on the stage, but never a comic opera Cleopatra; and why not one?"

Now, there, I've given Miss Russell's secret away, but then Cleopatra blabbed confidences herself in ancient Egypt, didn't she? J. M.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

IN "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA."





MISS RUSSELL IN "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

## A TALK WITH MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.

With the publication of "Fleet Street Eclogues" at the budding time of last year there came to many of us the delightful thrill of recognition of a new poet. A new poet, I say advisedly, for, though there were some few in thrall to the memory of "Bruce," "Scaramouch in Naxos," and other of Mr. Davidson's plays, those plays had been published in Scotland, and the public they had won here had been keenly appreciative, but small in numbers. Since the "Fleet Street Eclogues," Mr. Davidson has given us "A Random Itinerary" and a novel, "Baptist Lake," and it is only the other day that there appeared, in the worthy form that characterises all that comes from Messrs. Mathews and Lane, at the sign of the Bodley Head, his collected plays—"An Unhistorical Pastoral," "A Romantic Farce," "Smith, a Tragic Farce," "Bruce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos." Everything that bears Mr. Davidson's name bears also the impress of a powerful individuality, and convinces the reader that he is in the presence of a personality of unusual strength, and, withal, of an extreme sensitiveness to beauty.

Mr. Davidson was at first genuinely averse to being interviewed. Thanks to his kindness and the benignant influence of tobacco, I overcame his scruples in some small degree, and we began to talk. The "Unhistorical Pastoral" bears the date of 1877, and to one who looks on the author the year seems sufficiently remote to warrant wonder and inquiry.

"The play was finished in my twentieth year," said Mr. Davidson; "I had been working at it since I was seventeen. It was my third play."

"And the two first?" I asked.

"I burnt them. The earliest writing of mine which survives in print is the song to Annie Smith in 'A Romantic Farce.' I was fifteen when I wrote that. I was then a pupil-teacher in a school at Greenock, and, looking with more than pedagogic kindness on one of my girl pupils, I wrote the song to her. I may tell you that I was driven to literature by my total failure as a teacher, and the advice of—my enemies. My intention had been that literature should be my life, not my livelihood, but I was thwarted."

I thought of the boy teacher writing love-songs to his pupils in the intervals of correcting their dictation, and smiled my comprehension. "And did you begin with journalism?" I asked.

"No, I have never been a journalist, properly so-called. At the time of the publication of my first play I was writing short stories for the *Glasgow Evening Times*. I am a Scotchman, by-the-way, but perhaps you guessed it." I admitted that I had rather more than a suspicion of the fact, and he went on, "And then I wrote reviews for the *Glasgow Herald*. No," he said, in answer to a question, "I do not think journalism a good training for literature. The journalist has to work too much with his eyes on the facts and his mind on the paragraph. He often attains great skill in episodic and immediate effects, but that skill is, I am inclined to think, more harmful than helpful when he tries literature. The only work I have done which, in my opinion, approaches journalism is the 'Random Itinerary,' the whole of which, with the exception of two articles that came out in the *Speaker*, appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*. 'Perfervid' was the first of my books issued in London."

"Did it go the round of the publishers?"

"No, it had only been to half-a-dozen when Messrs. Ward and Downey bought it. I had difficulty with the title, I remember. First I called it 'Bred in the Bone,' but that was already copyright; then 'Like Father Like Son,' that also was copyright. So I called it in despair 'Perfervid.' I expect publishers were shy of a man so ignorant of modern fiction as not to know who wrote 'Bred in the Bone.' But I have never been able to care for English novels since Scott, except those of Dickens and Meredith. And that reminds me how a noted critic pronounced 'Perfervid' to be 'Peacock and Stevenson and Originality.' Now, when I wrote 'Perfervid,' in 1888, I had not read a word of Peacock, and nothing of Stevenson, except 'Virginibus Puerisque' and 'A Child's Garden.' Critics forget that we have all read Scott and Meredith, and, perhaps, Dumas."

"And which was your first published book?"

"'The North Wall,' written to order, and published in Glasgow in 1884, and now called 'A Practical Novelist.'"

"There is something I should like to say through you," Mr. Davidson went on, "about Baptist Lake. It has been widely assumed that in the character of Baptist Lake I have attempted a portrait, some say a lampoon—but the measure of a critic's spleen is always the measure of his unintelligence—on a distinguished personality, on Mr. Oscar Wilde, in fact. Now, this is not the case. Those who profess to see Oscar in Baptist are the lampooners. Baptist is cousin-german to Ninian Jamieson in 'Perfervid.' Mr. Wilde may have suggested a character in the book—Hector Almond, namely; but if so, I have idealised him, and made him a Scotchman."

Remembering the longing for the fields which Mr. Davidson puts in the hearts of his journalists in "Fleet Street Eclogues," I asked him if he preferred to work in the town or the country.

"My ideal plan," he replied, "would be to live in the country, and come to the town to write. I need the imprisonment which town life is to me before I can write. All my work, with the exception of part of 'Bruce,' was written in towns. I am a regular worker—I write every day when I have anything in hand, but never more than 2000 words, nor longer than three hours."

"Will you tell me of your attitude towards the questions of the day?"

"I have never been able to consider matters in the light of 'questions of the day.'"

"But you must have some opinions—for example, about the advance women are making. Have you read any of the books on the matter?"

"Yes; I read 'The Heavenly Twins' a month or two ago with the greatest delight. I had been put against it by reports of its tediousness and its extraordinary popularity; but I am convinced the public have been wrong for once—it is not a popular book at all, but a literary work of high importance. I made the reading of it last me two days, and liked it all—not only the twins and the Shaksperian idyl of the tenor, but the whole of it from beginning to end. I especially admired the style: it approaches the perfection of informality which is the great distinction of Scott's prose. You never stop to think how well this or that is put, but read straight on, delighting in the author's mood. I should like to be able to write prose of that kind."

I asked Mr. Davidson about the future, and he said Messrs. Ward and Downey were soon to publish a new and purely fantastic story of his, called "A Full and True Account of the Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender, which lasted a Night and a Day; with a History of the Pursuit of Earl Lavender and Lord Brougham by Maud Emblem and Mrs. Scamler."

"It is the story," he said, "of a man who believes himself to be the fittest human being, and proceeds to demonstrate his fitness in various ways, chiefly by trying to live at the expense of the public."

In conclusion, Mr. Davidson told me that he intended some day to publish another volume of his "Random Itinerary," containing an account of his tramps in Kent and Surrey, that he was busy on a book of ballads, and that when he had delivered himself of the ballads he was going to write a stage play. I asked him his views as to the possibility of staging any of his present plays, and he confessed that it would please him to see "Scaramouch in Naxos" produced as a Christmas pantomime, and that he had a stage version of it ready. I sincerely hope that some manager may be found enterprising enough to produce this beautiful and most entertaining play.

"With reference to the 'Random Itinerary,'" Mr. Davidson added, "I see that a young gentleman pronounces it to be my first attempt to produce artistic prose. Now, it is not an attempt at all; it is a transcript of impressions written easily. I don't mean carelessly, but with a certain kind and amount of indifference which a poet may claim in writing prose and which may be highly artistic. If a man's profession is billiards, he may play at skittles for his amusement, and play well, too."

"Then you take your work seriously—your poetry, at any rate?"

"Certainly; I should be ashamed not to, and my prose, too. The most serious moments occur when one is off one's guard in dressing-gown and slippers."

WILLIAM A. BOYD.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.



# AN ANIMAL SCULPTOR.

## A CHAT WITH MISS ALICE M. CHAPLIN.

Some years ago, when I was assisting at an examination of students in comparative anatomy, under the presidency of Professor Huxley, I remember him impatiently remarking to me on a skeleton of a cat being put before the nonplussed examinees, "I don't believe they'd



"HATTY," ONE OF THE QUEEN'S DOGS.—ALICE M. CHAPLIN.

know it if it had its skin on." The observation well demonstrates the ignorance prevailing at the time, and still existing, regarding the brute creation anatomically, as well as when animal life is viewed from an artistic point of view. Till Mr. W. F. Calderon lately started the project of establishing an art school for the drawing and modelling of animal life—which necessarily would be a nude one—no school had before been even proposed, unless one may refer to Miss Alice Chaplin's endeavours in that direction, and her achievements in forming some classes of private pupils in one or two houses among the nobility with artistic leanings. Knowing that Miss Chaplin had received royal patronage, and was somewhat a *persona grata* at Court in consequence of her art, I ventured to call on her for a chat in her studio in Lisson Grove. Passing through the house facing the street, you ascend a steepish staircase, at the head of which is the studio, as unostentatious in appearance as the gentlemanly little lady who greeted me kindly, and the domestic side of whose character is suggested by the singing kettle on the stove, the purring cat, and Weasel, a favourite fox-terrier, on whom the tune of "Oh! where, oh! where is my little wee dog?" has an effect as exciting as it is comical.

Miss Chaplin was here in the midst of her work, being surrounded with studies and models of past exhibits at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery, and as we passed from group to group the time slipped away very quickly while she talked to me of her career and of the art she loves so well.

"Tell me how it was you became a sculptor?" I asked, as I stood opposite the clay sketch of Shihab, Lady Dilke's Arab steed, on which Miss Chaplin was then engaged.

"Well, I can scarcely say. I believe there is a family tradition that I evinced a talent for modelling at a very early age by fashioning a bird out of a lump of wool, clothing it with feathers out of a pillow; but that's a mere nursery tale. The truth, I believe, is that directly I could use a pencil I was drawing cats and dogs and any animal I happened on, taking up sculpture in earnest later on as a help to the study of form. Harrison Weir chanced to see some of these, and gave me many hints and much encouragement, advising me to attend the classes at South Kensington. However, I have never had a lesson in modelling: to that I seemed to take naturally; so perhaps there is some truth in my infant precocity."

"I see the cat is a favourite study with you?"

"Well, it is not only one of the nearest to hand," she remarked, with a smile, "but it gives so much variety: such, for instance, as this cat cleaning her paws after dining; these 'Feline Wrestlers,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880; this cat and dog episode of ordinary life, or pussy's predatory instinct as regards birds," she added, pointing to sketches of work sold in the Royal Academy. "You see, the feline

species is considered by scientists the most perfect specimen of animal physique, and, undoubtedly, its serpentine form lends itself to artistic arrangement."

"Of course, you have theories respecting sculpture as an art?" I tentatively remarked, as we moved onwards.

"Certainly; I believe in portraying the animal world in sculpture with as much freshness as possible—that is, with an insight into the individual or mental character. Animals have sympathies more in tone with our own than is generally noticed. Look at some of the modern Russian work for this quality. Unquestionably, to Sir Edgar Boehm we all owe a debt of gratitude for introducing new blood into sculpture; indeed, he quite changed the whole face of portraiture in stone, and I freely acknowledge his influence on my own work. I saw a good deal of him at one time. It was through him and Sir Frederick Leighton that I received my first royal commission."

"Ah, that was a piece of good fortune."

"Yes; and it recalls very pleasant times at Windsor and Osborne, where much interest was taken in my work. That replica group there represents Noble, Fern, and Spot, dogs which were the Queen's special pets. It's old work now, and has figured at most of the international exhibitions all over the world. Then I modelled the Queen's little Pomeranian, Marco, also Prince Henry of Battenberg's Basco, and I made several studies of Watty, the fox-terrier which was Princess Beatrice's constant companion, and, besides, I devoted much time to her Majesty's Spanish cattle in Osborne Park."

"And you don't think we shine in England in animal sculpture, perhaps?"

"Not as yet as widely as we should. One can count off such sculptors pretty well on the fingers. No; sculpture is very young in England. The popular fancy turns, apparently, always to colour—without it, realism seems wanting to the ordinary critic; but whether colour would aid sculpture is an open question. Personally, I incline to tinted sculpture, as I am very fond of colour. There can be little doubt, however, that in art study a knowledge of solid form materially assists the linear artist. In my opinion, modelling and drawing instruction should be compulsorily allied. Yes; I also believe in memory drawing. Indeed, in treating animal life it is of the greatest importance, as our models, as a rule, are of a most fidgety temperament, and it is equally valuable in portraiture."

"Have you done much in that line, Miss Chaplin?"

"Very little indeed, if you refer to the human."

"But that speaking likeness in relief of Paderewski?"

"Well, that's quite a new departure; but the work illustrates just what I have been saying. I only had a twenty-minutes' sitting, and possibly its success and Sir Frederick Leighton's approval are the outcome of the mnemonic faculty I have been forced to train. The Queen has purchased the original work, and the Princess of Wales has ordered duplicates."

"Now, Miss Chaplin, I am going to ask a delicate question: you don't give me the impression of a sportswoman; but I hear that you have designed the Ascot Cups for the last ten years," I remarked somewhat jokingly.

"I must plead not guilty, I am afraid, for my part in various cups has been only the modelling of low reliefs, with which they are



A HORSE.

SCULPTURED FOR BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD BY ALICE M. CHAPLIN.

decorated—of this work I have done a considerable amount. However, I have modelled Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's staghounds in full cry," she responded smilingly.

"And what other work have you executed?"

"The catalogue would be too long to trouble you with, for I have been a pretty regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery, and formerly at the Grosvenor for many years. However, it may interest you to know that I designed the cup, surmounted by a Life-guard'sman, presented by the Marquis of Waterford to the regiment on his quitting it; and Elkington executed my trophy for the prize for Devons given by the Queen. I also modelled a young elephant, Jung Pasha, brought home by the Prince of Wales, at the Zoological Gardens, having been commissioned to do so by Mr. Val Prinsep, and I nearly



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SPANISH BULLOCKS BELONGING TO THE QUEEN.—ALICE M. CHAPLIN.

lost my life, for the playful young creature nearly pulled me off the forage-shelf on which I was perched. But you must be wearied with my chatter; let me make you a cup of tea," and I accepted her kindly hospitality.

While it was brewing, I turned over the pages of "The Points and Conformation of the Horse," by Horace Hayes, "The Cat," by St. George Mivart, examined a mummy animal from Venice, and chatted on animal lore generally with the lady sculptor, whose spirited work, so faithful to nature in everything she touches, demonstrates as convincingly as her conversation that she simply revels in the emotions, passions, and general world of animal life as a student and as an enthusiast.

### MAN AND WIFE: AN INTERLUDE.

Failure follows always in the wake of success—at least, there are some men whose natures compel them to find out that the law holds good for them.

With George Raymond failure did not come to drag him down into the depths until he had been married five years, and his baby-girl—Lil, as they called her, though she had been christened Lois Agneta—had begun to talk and show her individuality. Raymond had always been a man of uneven temperament, and in the crisis his spirits and his self-respect seemed to take to themselves wings and fly away. Mrs. Raymond waited, and kept cheerful. When her husband's latest cheque was nearly used up, and there was no prospect of another, she was offered the chance of doing a fashion column for a smart weekly paper. Her husband wished her to refuse. She listened to his excellent reasons, and sympathised with him in his own troubles. He seemed only to drop an octave lower in self-distrust; so she accepted the offer. That should have made him whole again. Ultimately it did; but not at the moment.

Then Llewellyn Griffiths disturbed the uneven tenour of their lives, and when he disturbed it was no laughing matter. He was one of those brilliant, irresponsible men who fascinate a woman and divert her from her allegiance. He was tall and thin, with a high forehead, keen dark eyes, and rather scornful manners to those people whom he did not like; but the scorn served to emphasise the contrast, and contrast tastes sweet on occasion, as everybody knows. He had few men friends, although from time to time he did some abnormally kind action. If one of these got wind, it was apt to be explained away as unnecessary or Quixotic, though the man had next to nothing in common with the hero of Cervantes' tale.

Mrs. Raymond did her fashions and fripperies passing well, and rose in her editor's esteem, though she fell in her husband's. Llewellyn Griffiths appropriated her notice and goodwill. He did it openly. He sent her theatre tickets and private-view cards, and met her at afternoon parties and little dinners. At first she only thought of him as a pleasant man, who made himself extremely useful to her in her new calling. Her husband's friends saw, and their pity was roused. George soon found this out. He only heard the tail-end of a sentence, but that was quite enough. About this time he stayed at home more than usual, turning over his old manuscripts and penning futile essays. At last he became desperate. He did not talk it over with his own particular friend, as the men do in women's novels. He was wise in his own day and generation. He neither complained nor scolded, though Lois met Llewellyn Griffiths oftener than before.

When she was alone with her husband in the drawing-room of their cosy little flat, she tried to be very kind to him. He understood that she knew her own weakness, and would fain lift herself above it. He knew that he, and he only, must lift her above it then and for the rest of their time together. It was hard to see *how*, though, when her money was helping to keep the home together.

A day of royal pageant drew near. Mrs. Raymond was invited to view the procession from one of the best positions, and to a little lunch given afterwards by Llewellyn Griffiths.

"I don't want to go, but I am afraid I must," she said.

"Of course you must; Rogerson will find you out if you serve up stale news in the *Mayfair*," answered George.

So she went.

When Lil saw her come down, dressed to go, she asked to be taken.

"No, Lil, stay at home with Daddy."

The little girl glanced ruefully across at her father, where he sat at his writing-table, and begged once more, but in vain. Raymond went down with his wife and saw her into a hansom. Then he came back, sat down, and wrote. He stopped to think, and went on thinking for an indefinite time. He would have liked to do some intensely human action, which should lack all literary quality, and yet win back his wife's faith in himself. He remembered his first book, and the criticisms in the Press which she had cut out and treasured. Then the second book and the third, the falling-off in the respect shown to his talents and in the sales, which had brought him to his present pass. His brows were creased, and a sigh escaped him. Lil had seen his misery, and now that she heard she came, stood looking up into his face, and said, "Dad feels ugly."

"Yes, Lil, I do feel ugly, *very* ugly."

"Come and play wiz me." He accepted, and they spent a blissful hour together.

Then he went back to his work. A chance word of the child's had reminded him of an old story, still in manuscript. He hunted for that story and found it; he read it through; he saw its strong points, and felt himself empowered to cut away the weak ones and replace them with good work. The spirit of success hovered over him.

His wife was surprised when she came back to find him more cheerful than she had left him. She had enjoyed the day, and she knew in her secret soul that she would not have liked her husband to have been there. He would have understood what there was to understand—and more.

"Tired, Lois?"

"Oh, yes; the heat and the dust, you know." Then vehemently, "George, I hate London. Let's go away."

"We will in the autumn," he answered quietly, as though he was earning the necessary money and making the arrangements.

The hot July and August days went by, at a slow, dawdling pace for Lois, but rapidly and fraught with the excitement of achievement for George. He was recovering his "gude conceit" of himself. The old manuscript had proved treasure-trove, he was successfully conceiving its plot anew, and his publishers were willing to bring it out in the autumn season.

In the middle of September came the first instalment of proofs. Lois Raymond read them one evening when she and her husband were at home together. She knew that he had surpassed his first and most successful novel, and done far stronger work than he had hitherto been deemed capable of reaching. Her returning respect brought remorse in its train.

"George, I've been the most hateful woman in all Christendom."

"We know all about that. Tell me another tale, Mummy dear," he quoted, imitating Lil's pleading way of asking this favour.

"I can't think of another just now," she said.

"Oh, yes, you can, and you must." He walked straight across the room, and as he took her in his arms she asked if he would like her to kiss him.

"Oh, no; of course not," he laughed back at her, and blew aside a little curl on her forehead. Man-like, he had forgotten his own share of responsibility for the interlude.

"Let's go away, George, for another—" She paused for an instant, and then said "honeymoon," with the air of one making a confession.

"*À trois* this time?"

"No, *à deux* again," she begged, with a *moue* of feigned disgust.

When they came back to town, Llewellyn Griffiths wondered what he had ever seen in that little Mrs. Raymond. Really, she was only a commonplace woman after all.

FRANCES E. ASHWELL.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. B. T. Batsford has just published three most dainty little volumes of illustrations by the Japanese artist, Watanabe Seitei, as a series of "Studies of Birds and Flowers." Readers will remember that a short time ago an exhibition of this fine artist's work was held at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, and we dealt at the time with that exhibition in these columns. These little volumes, however, come to remind us of that work, and, what is more, afford us the happy opportunity of reviewing it in more comfortable detail.

The pre-eminent virtue which distinguishes the work of Watanabe Seitei is the virtue of places. Whatever the weaknesses, and they are few and easily recognisable, this is its one exceptional and marvellous quality. Whether it is the silk of a spider's web, the angle of a bird's claw, the fall of a leaf, the altitude of a twig, the curve of a butterfly's wing, the leg of a stork, the hang of a fruit, the swing of a reed, or the puff of a bird's feather, the composition of the thing is equally admirable

Of course, it is possible to reject much and still to leave results that are unbeautiful or uninteresting. There are times, indeed, when the refusal of this artist is so complete as to tinge the mind with a suspicion of pedantry—a bare suspicion, it is true, but sufficient to colour one's prejudice against certain of these productions. Of such is a very curious little illustration of dim birds in flight across a lake. The birds are so dim and the lake is really so scrappy that one hesitates for some time in deciding precisely what the lines are intended to represent. At this moment, although we have written boldly enough that the illustration is of birds in flight over a lake, we should be loth to accept any odds against the decision. Now this, it is needless to point out, is a clear and unmistakable fault.

On the other hand, in every determination of motion, in poise and in flight, this artist has so dexterous and delicious a faculty that even in this particular illustration one is prepared to forgive him for the vagueness of



THE COOLING STREAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. ROBINSON, REDHILL.

and—the word must be permitted—elegant. Above all things, Watanabe Seitei possesses the elegant eye and the elegant hand. Unlike the lavish voice of Nature, he says to his flower and his fish, his insect and his branch, "Go here or go there; stop here and there; swing thus, poise thus, and thus you shall be beautiful, after my own particular, personal method of landscape."

Next, Watanabe Seitei has the abnegating sense of rejection. "Oh, weary, weary act of refusal!" cries the preacher of our day, the Ecclesiastes of our time, "Oh, waste but necessary hours, vigil of wakefulness and fear!" And again, "There is no limit to our rejections. And the unconsciousness of the decorators is in itself a cause of pleasure to a mind generous, forbearing, and delicate. When we dress, no fancy may count the things we will none of. When we write, what hinders that we should refrain from style past reckoning? When we marry—" And, one must add, in deference to the context, when Watanabe paints he needs no forbearing mind to forgive his lavishness. In his world rejection is almost simplicity itself, and what he leaves is beautiful enough to convert the world to a new gospel of rejection.

his accomplishment. If one may, for the moment, exemplify one's point from a lively exhibition in the flesh, we should recall to the remembrance of such fortunate people as have heard the Bayreuth "Tannhäuser" the flight of the Cupids in the first act. They will recollect how monstrous and incredible a fiction was proposed to the imagination by the aerial passage of those fat little boys who, in spite of their wings and the invisibility of their cords, were so obviously supported as to make the illusion merely grotesque. Now, Watanabe Seitei does not, so far as we know, paint little boys in flight; but we are convinced—and this is the point of the comparison—that if he had painted such a subject his Cupids would have appeared borne up by the laws of flight upon their wings and the great upholding atmosphere. Thus, in a minor demonstration, art is shown to be more potent than life.

Whether his birds are in the act of descent, upon the borders of rest, or in the upward difficult act of flight, this artist is equally persuasive and convincing. One of his illustrations—the course of a flock of swallows—sums up in one composition all these excellences. Some of these birds, admirably drawn, fly upwards, downwards, obliquely, in

an eager and vigorous course, bent upon particular errand; two others strain towards the rest with more arduous motion, while one, a little weaker than its fellows, can scarcely wing its way in competition with



FISHING ON THE LIDO.—A. PAOLETTI.  
Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

the flock. They fly, these birds, in a sky of misty blue, when the old leaves are falling from high trees, which the artist does not permit you to see.

In colour, this artist, if he errs at all, errs upon the side of blankness. He is so fearful of strength in colour that his withdrawal is at times even irritating, so complete is his retreat from it. The palest of blues, the most restrained of oranges, greens that bow modestly to the eye and ask for no notice, delicate silver-greys of every variety, quiet and modest yellows—these are the media through which he most usually works. Only upon extremely rare occasions does he permit himself to use richer pigments, when the form of his choice is usually an extremely deep black or a rich red. And so we must leave this exquisite and charming painter, whose work appeals to us, wearied with the fulness and excess of European and blatant art, with extreme entreaty, and, let it be owned, altogether successfully.

A certain amount of artistic jealousy has been aroused by the refusal of the municipality of Viareggio to accept, for the monument to Shelley which is to be unveiled next month, a replica of Mr. Onslow Ford's monument of the poet, presented last year by Lady Shelley to University College, Oxford. The *Standard* goes so far as to say that "it would have been more creditable to the municipality had not national and artistic jealousy led them to raise difficulties in the way of the erection" of Mr. Onslow Ford's duplicate work. Now, for the

life of us, we cannot understand why there should be the least reason for such a repetition. Mr. Ford's work, admirable though it was, was quite sufficient for the object in view, and a mere replica of it for Viareggio was not only unnecessary as an idea, but, to our thinking, was even to be deplored. One such work was quite enough in the world, and we thoroughly sympathise with those excellent Italians for employing one of their own countrymen, Professor Lucchesi, to erect a statue to the poet. Professor Lucchesi is quite capable of doing justice to the subject, and, really, there can be but one view upon the reasonableness of providing a second separate statue, independent in art, instead of a dull, monotonous duplicate.

Another death is to be recorded, and this time it is again in Paris. The sculptor, M. Léon Cugnot, who has just paid the last dues of mortality, was an artist of large Academic fame. He took the Grand Prize of Rome so long ago as 1859, and has since then plodded steadily along the primrose path of dignified success. He dealt chiefly with the abstract virtues, and it is on record that his best works are the figures of "Strength" and "Justice," which form part of the pediment in the Court of Cassation. At the Hôtel de Ville and in the Louvre are works from his hand, which have all helped to allot him his honourable position in art.

It is more than a year ago since the announcement was made, with considerable pomp and circumstance, that his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan was about to embark upon a scheme for the formation of an exhibition which was to be confined to ecclesiastical art. We were told that the exhibition was to include specimens of every school of religious painting, from St. Luke to Beuron; that architecture was to take a prominent



"WHEN LUBIN IS AWAY."—G. G. KILBURNE.



THE BREADWINNER.—RALPH HEDLEY.

place, that a perfect specimen of the Roman basilica was to be erected in the exhibition hall, and that nothing so representative in this line had been known before in the history of exhibitions. Time has passed, and all the speech that was made in connection with the matter has apparently come to nothing. The city of Exeter, however, appears to have resolved to anticipate the Cardinal, and on Oct. 8 an Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition is to be opened there by the Mayor. The exhibition, however, is not for long, the date in question falling on a Monday, and the show will remain open not longer than the following Friday.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to record that Cardinal Vaughan has at last decided to build the cathedral at Westminster about which we have heard so much, the site for which was purchased by Cardinal Manning. Wisely resolving not to go to more expense than is necessary to provide a temple worthy of the archdiocese, the Cardinal, acting on the advice of his intimate counsellors, has decided that his cathedral shall take the form of the Roman basilica. The decision is to be praised for another reason, since such an architectural scheme can enter into no competition with the great and ancient Abbey close by, but will remain, as it were, in monumental evidence of the difference which lies between Rome and Canterbury. The site of the new cathedral will be near Victoria Station, at the bottom of Carlisle Place, opposite Archbishop's House. The architect, we understand, by a unanimous decision of the Cardinal's advisers, is to be Mr. Bentley. The cathedral will be in charge of the Benedictines, the famous order to whose industry and erudition the world is so much indebted.





HER TURN NEXT.

SCENE: *The Serio-Comic's Dressing-Room.*

"Dear me! who'd think it was so late?  
It's my turn next—they'll have to wait:  
It's not my fault—the cab broke down;  
Just hand me that old dressing-gown.

"The grease paint, dear! the grease paint, quick!  
Not that, you fool! the other stick!  
Oh! get away, you stupid girl!  
See if my auburn wig's in curl."

Each cheek, responsive to her touch,  
Gives forth a lovely crimson blush;  
With charcoal stick she pencils now—  
Oh, heavens! what a lovely brow!

"Confound my nose! it won't come right—  
This powder's nearer black than white!  
Oh, dear! I quite forgot my lips:"  
And down again her hand she dips.

And now her hair departs from view.  
Beneath rich curls of auburn hue,  
While from her slender form drops down  
That unbecoming dressing-gown.

"These tights feel rather slack to-night;  
That's better, dear; now they're all right.  
They say my figure beats my face,  
Ah! now, that knee-pad's out of place.

"Give me the skirts that came to-day,  
I'll do my song and dance, as they  
Will meet all glances neat and white  
If I should kick the usual height.

"The pink frock? Yes, that suits me best,  
Now puff my arms, dear, and my chest;  
I've kept them waiting—now for squalls!  
Good gracious! George is in the stalls!"—PETER PRETTY.

## A CHAT WITH MISS NELLIE GANTHONY.

"And you start positively on the first of next month to tour for six months in the States, Miss Ganthony?" I asked this versatile and brilliant musician, who, three years ago, was the first lady to essay successfully to entertain the public after the manner of Mr. Corney



Photo by Sherwood, Pietermaritzburg.

MISS NELLIE GANTHONY.

Grain and Mr. George Grossmith, and it was no small compliment to her powers that at the very commencement of her career she was engaged by the former gentleman to represent him at the piano during a period of illness.

"Yes; I open in New York on the 10th, and after visiting all the great towns I return to that city to give a series of entertainments. I expect to do well—better than I did in South Africa."

"Ah! so your success there was not financially so great as you expected?"

"Frankly, it was not. South Africa is an expensive country to travel through, and the cost of the long journeys between the large towns, such as Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Port Elizabeth, for instance, eats into the takings, while, if you stop at the smaller townships in between, the houses are not sufficiently capacious to repay you much more than your hotel expenses. And then part of the time I was handicapped a good deal by the rigour with which Lent is kept. Even Mr. Max O'Rell, who enjoyed quite a phenomenal success for a 'one-horse show,' I was told, found the capacity of the small towns very limited. But as regards the kindness paid me and the enthusiasm displayed there was nothing left to be desired."

"I suppose manners and customs are somewhat unconventional out there?"

"Just a little," she replied, laughing heartily at many an amusing reminiscence, probably. "For example, you would be a little astonished to see the President of the Orange Free State arrive in correct evening dress, but wearing 'carpet slippers; now, wouldn't you? And it is related of him that one occasion, at Bloemfontein, he started from home between the showers, not wishing to drive, and got to the hall a quarter of an hour too soon, and so he was not received with the usual 'Volkslied,' which had to be played when the musicians arrived later on."

"And the audiences?"

"Oh! Why, they just go mad, and kick up a regular pandemonium, clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and drumming with their sticks. I can assure you when I came back and appeared over here it seemed just like going into a church, from the comparative quiet. And then they don't leave you alone at your hotel, but they come right up

while you're at breakfast, and sit down and fire away questions as fast as a Maxim gun—in fact, my experience was that they almost killed one with kindness and attention, and, in spite of the talking and grumbling over the depression of trade which existed, did everything possible to give me a good time."

"And did you bring back any diamonds, Miss Ganthony, for our lady readers will be curious on that point?"

"Oh, certainly; but they were presents. One gift was presented by Sir Frederick Carrington and Mr. Newton, the Administrator of Bechuanaland, representing their fellow-travellers, in acknowledgment of an entertainment which I gave on the voyage out on board the delightful ship the Scot. My performance was repeated by request at the Kenilworth Club, at Kimberley, and I have to thank the directors of the De Beers Company, Mr. Banato, and the rest of the members for the splendid reception they gave me, together with a very beautiful stone."

"And did the whole weight of the entertainment rest on your own shoulders during your trip?"

"Not entirely; indeed, such an effort would have been beyond anyone's powers. No; my sketches were often assisted by local talent—indeed, one is expected to recognise such aid—and for some weeks, I am glad to say, I was supported by Miss Zoë Gilfillan, a dear little soul with a charming voice, who took part with me in one or two of my duologues. She was always welcomed everywhere, for her father had been well known in the country, and many ladies called upon her, but seemed rather surprised, on encountering me at times on the 'stoep,' to discover that their 'dearest Zoë' had attained such a number of inches. And I should like to acknowledge the general attention paid to us, from the Governor and his wife downwards."

"Now, in what way do you differentiate, if at all, between your performance and Corney Grain's?"

"Well, in this way: directly I have introduced my characters in my sketches, I sink at once my own individuality and let them do, as it were, all the talking. Except for its frivolity, and that I don't repeat the names of my *dramatis personæ*, my work is more akin to that of the late Mr. Brandram. I am sometimes much amused by people saying to me, 'Be serious for once, and let us know you as you really are. You're always taking off people, but we want you to sing naturally to us and



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS GANTHONY.

just be yourself.' So I have had to sing them 'Beauty's Eyes' and other songs. As you know, I commenced my professional career in an operatic company in South America. That was after a financial crash in domestic affairs which obliged me and my sister to shift for ourselves."

"Quite so. And do you write many of your sketches?"

"Oh, certainly, and that occupies me constantly; and now, besides, I am perfecting myself in French, and I verily believe that rat-tat at the front door means my French instructress's arrival. I am thinking of taking one of the theatres for *matinées* on my return, so mind you come and see me when I do."



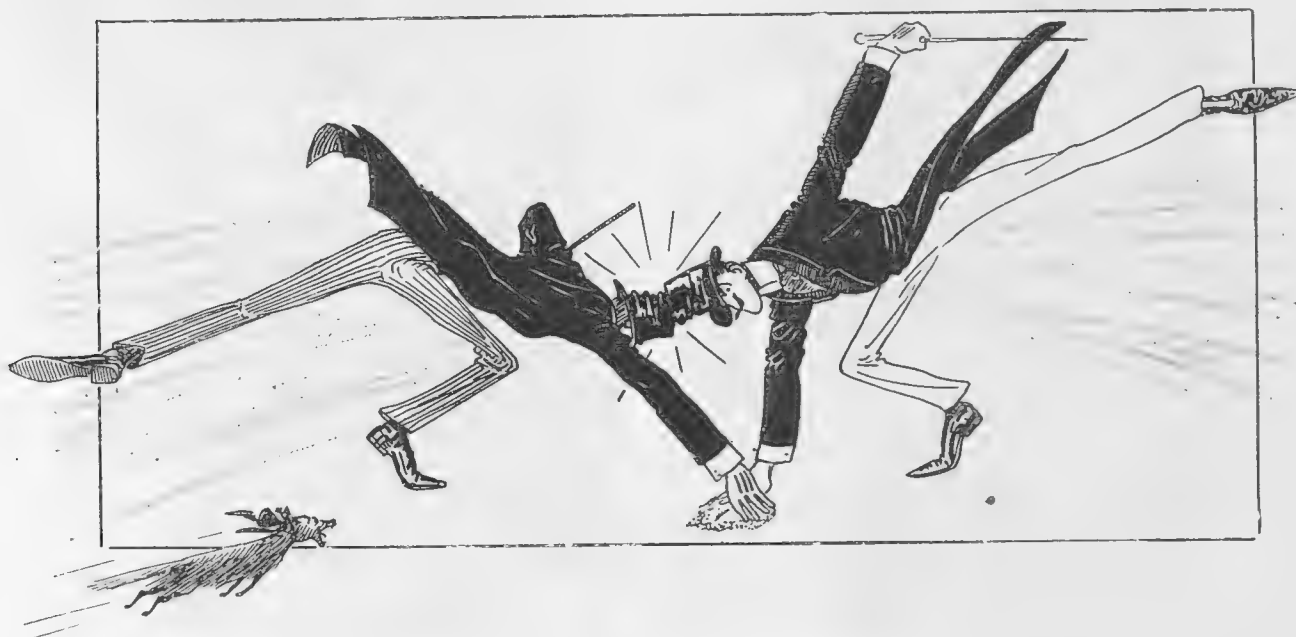
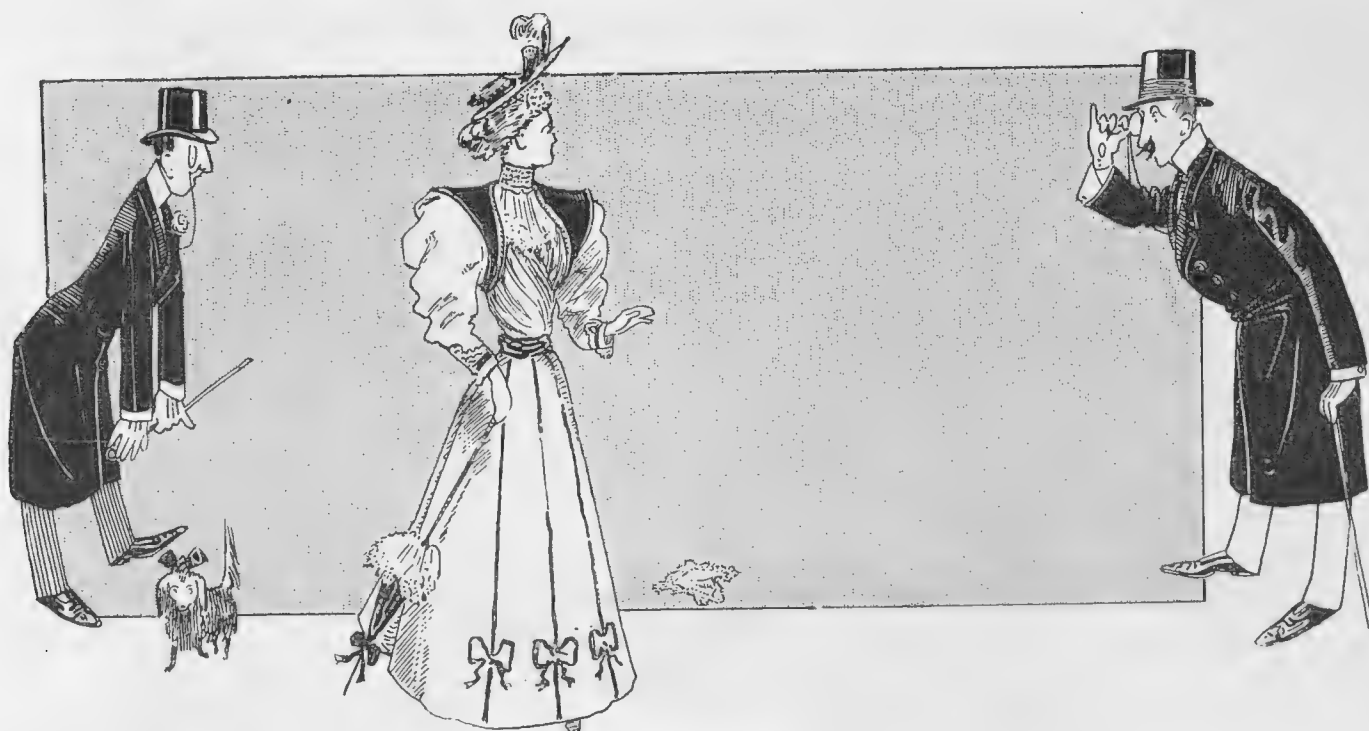
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SWIFT : " Yes, a policeman got after me last night for making so much noise, and when I reached home I was all out of wind."

ROE : " You got it again, I see."

SWIFT : " Oh, yes. My wife blew me up soon after I got there."



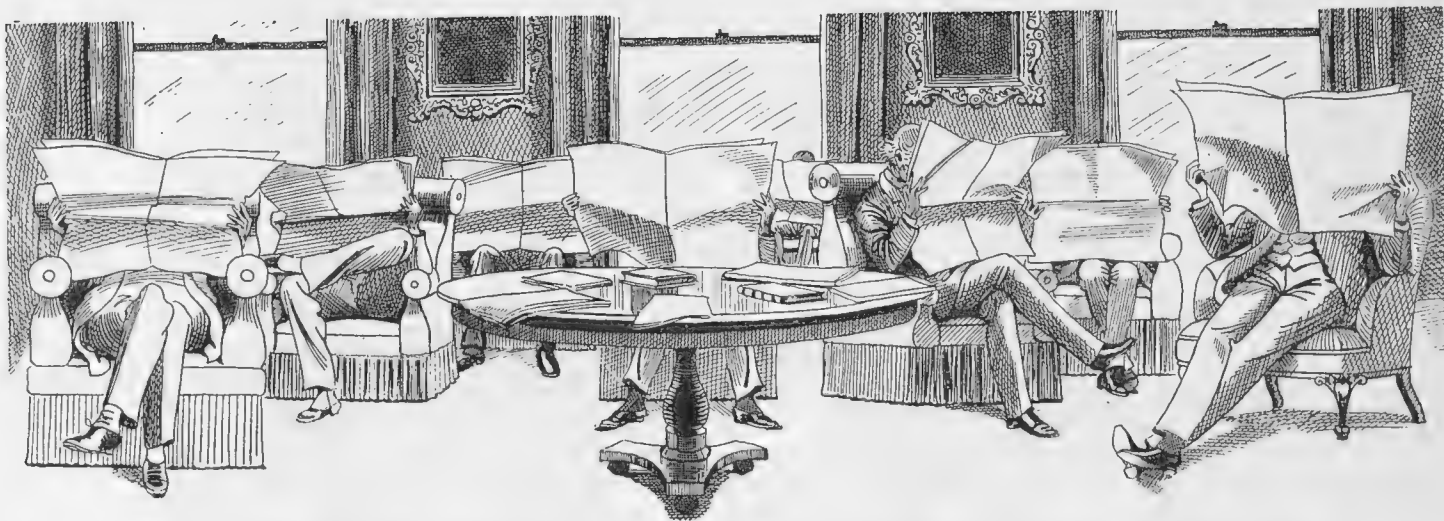
A WASTED EFFORT, OR THE WRONG PUPPY GOT IT.



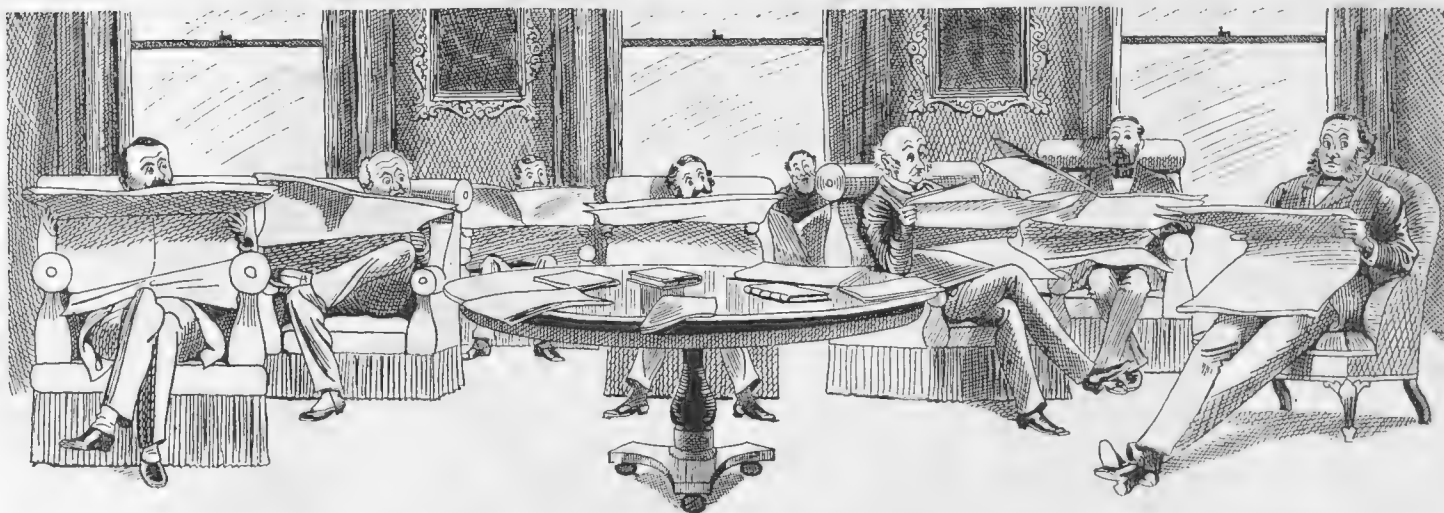


"What made you take up art as a profession?"

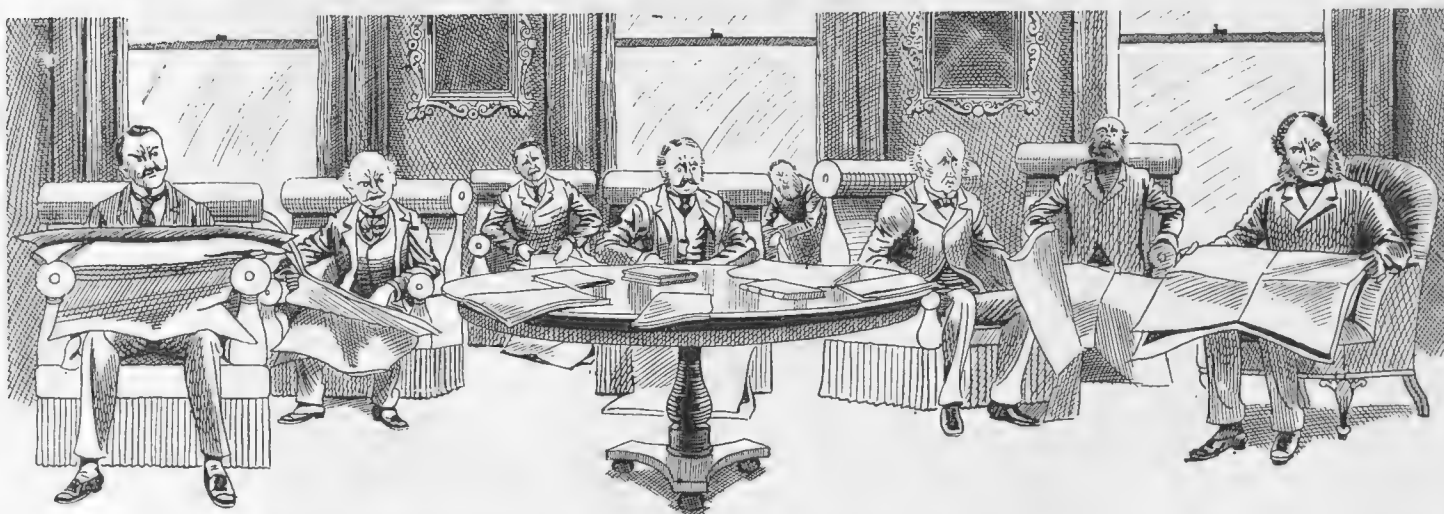
"Well, you see, I had a weak chest."



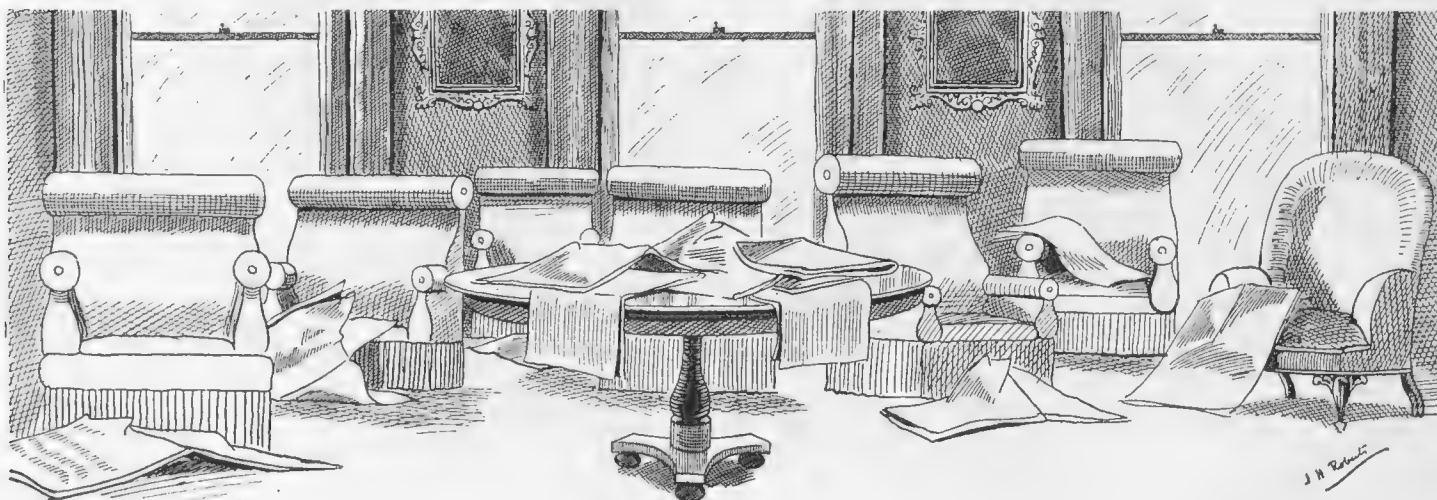
*At the United Combined Forces Club: "By Jove! there's an account of our club in to-day's paper."*



*The members read: "Why is it that a course of army training causes the mental powers to evaporate?"*



*"If anyone would wish for a lamentable proof of our assertion, let him look in at the United Combined Forces Club."*



*Eight actions for libel emanate from the United Combined Forces Club.*

A CLUB EPISODE.





## SOME THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—II.

BY EMILY SOLDENE.

Coming to the principal ladies in the original cast of "Chilpéric," we have to tread with soft and tender and halting footsteps, with finger on lip and gentle, bated breath, for theirs is the dignity of silence, theirs the effacement of "Oh! ah!" "Oh, yes! now I recollect," theirs the sanctification of being only "a memory." They have the advantage of us later, lagging ones, for they have solved the great problem, have crossed the dark and troubled river, have joined the majority, have gone to that bourne, &c.—they are dead! Will you believe me when I tell you that, thinking of them, the quick, unbidden tears fill up to the brim my too-well-remembering eyes? After all these years I can see them so plainly; they stand—where? Why, there, before me—alive and breathing! Emily Muir was the Fredegonde, a medium-sized, slender girl. If I mistake not, she was a cousin of Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Dion Boucicault. Her face was decidedly Scotch in character; it was a nice face, with bright, merry, and inquisitive grey eyes; she had a good deal of smart and dry humour. Once upon a time we went to the St. James's Theatre. The performance was operatic, "Maritana"—by-the-bye, did you know that that is an Australian opera? Everybody here believes in the local legend which says that Vincent Wallace wrote this work in a small house, or lodgings, in Castlereagh Street, in this, the good City of Sydney, N.S.W. Well, on this occasion the immoral and invertebrate King of Spain was played by a son of Mr. Henry Hersee—I forget his front name (poor fellow, he, too, is dead! he died 'way up in the Colorado Mountains, between Denver and Golden City, while under engagement to and travelling with me). Did anybody ever hear of anyone who ever made a success of that particular King of Spain? I never did. Well, anyway, young Hersee did not, and one of our unfeeling party made some "up-to-date" and not-too-flattering remark. "Oh," said Fredegonde, "I don't think he's so bad—see how hard he works;" and that was the exact expression to fit the case—he did work hard. As Fredegonde she was picturesque and rather *spirituelle*-looking, wearing a short white cashmere dress, with a sheepskin slung across her shoulders. And her hair!—the inevitable and impossible hair!—a perfect fleece, a golden-yellow, glittering glory—long, and wavy, and tously, and getting into her eyes and out again in quite the most "too-sweet-for-nothing" and fetching style. This was in the pre-Minnie-Palmer days, you know, and Emily's "business" with her wig was original, and "all her own." That fleece fell rippling down her back—in fact, all round her; it was curly at the ends, and they touched the bottom of her skirt and nearly the tops of her boots, which were high red ones, laced up the front. She had nice little tootsieums, real tootsieums—one could not call them feet, they were too small. Her voice was a light soprano—*soprano leggero*—and, having gone through a long course at the Conservatoire, Paris, she sang quite in the French manner, and, if the truth must be told, with a good deal of *tremolo*. She was gay and bright, and chippy and charming, but on occasion could be very earnest. She had a certain amount of *finesse*, and I also certainly think that she recognised the fact that two and two make four.

Then there was Dolaro—Selina Dolaro—as the Spanish Princess, with her dark Moorish face, her truly wonderful eyes, her ivory-coloured skin and red lips, carrying a flower in her mouth, years before Bizet's Carmen was ever created or thought of. What an inimitable, and Spanish, and coquettish, and altogether too-too, "don't-you-know" shake she would give to her petticoats as she tripped down the stage! What a blaze of colour—red and yellow, and black satin and gold spangles, and a high brass comb—such a comb was never seen before—with spangled mantilla, a red-red rose in her hair, and all over her little knots and fluttering bows of ribbon, and little metal tips and tabs that tinkled again, and black silk spangled stockings and tiny shoes, embroidered with gold, and a tambourine, with long and sweeping ribbons all the colours of the rainbow, and little bobs of colour at the edges of her skirts! On she would come, wearing all these things, and a mixed expression, which was supposed to be at once Spanish and demure, and you believed in it until she lazily lifted her white, heavy eyelids, and then you were suddenly, and certainly, and completely convinced that "demure," used in association with her, was not the appropriate expression.

The Selina Dolaro of those times was not the fashionable "Dolly" that was subsequently evolved. In the days I am speaking of she would, after the performance, make haste and get dressed—she invariably wore black—and wait on the stage in the semi-darkness for her father, Mr. Simmons, who played in the orchestra. He always came up quickly, and, catching hold of her, out they would go—out into the night, so attached, they seemed all in all to each other—the father with his daughter in one hand and his fiddle-case in the other.

There was another member of the cast who absolutely divided the palm of loveliness with the ladies. This was that masculine "masher" Marius, who was then young, and beautiful, and slender, and sleek, and sly, and so elegant, an ideal Cherubino, but, I am afraid, even more susceptible than that operatically historical and love-stricken young gentleman. He played Landry, and made love to Fredegonde or Brunchaut—he didn't care which—with an ardour that was not only particularly French, but particularly pleasing, and particularly successful—so successful, indeed, that every girl in the front of the house was seized with a wild desire to understudy those two erratic, not to say imprudent, characters. He certainly looked awfully nice, and his figure

was perfection. And how clever he was! And how he managed what he was pleased to call "his voice"! It was not singing, but "he got there, all the same." He had a solo in the second act, and at the finish there was a top A. To see with what grace and energy he worked up to the climax, and then, at the supreme moment, rushed to the front, opened his mouth—such a pretty one, with a tiny, soft, dark line masquerading as a moustache!—as wide as possible, lifted up his right arm to heaven, looked the gallery full in the face, and sang straight from the chest—what? Nothing; not a sound. And the orchestra sustained the artist with a big chord, and the public always encored him with acclamation, and he—always did it again. As Landry, how perfect he was in his deportment, how deferential, and chivalrous, and convincing in his attention to the ladies! How sorry we all were when he broke his heart over Fredegonde, and how glad when he mended it again with Brunchaut! And what a real hero he turned out to be when war was declared between Germany and France. On that fateful morning we were on the stage, rehearsing, and when the news got into the theatre everybody was in a state of excitement, and Marius was boiling over—wild with the desire to fight and die "*pour la patrie*," and, like the brave boy he was, he went to his duty, went, laden with everybody's good wishes, and his ears deafened with the cheers of the *coryphées* and the chorus. And then came the terrible time, and soon it was told that Marius was lying, not with poetical propriety among the ruins of Carthage, but dead, killed, outside the walls of Metz. And this broke up everybody, and his body was (metaphorically) bathed with the tears of the ballet. But the rumour, as usual, was false, and he came back—which was all very nice from a material point of view, but from an art point was all wrong.

Frank Musgrave was the musical director, an excellent musician, and a charming conductor, sympathetic, and always "wid you"; and "Johnny" Milano was the stage-manager—a good man and clever artist. In every scene and every *ensemble* he was on the stage, now in one costume, now in another. Under such management it was impossible for the "business" to go wrong. Speaking from my own personal knowledge—what up to that time I had myself seen—"Chilpéric" was the most perfectly mounted and managed piece that had, in the *opéra-bouffe* line, been placed upon the English stage; and, speaking from my own deep sense of obligation, I must say that M. Hervé more than helped to form a style that has met with approbation for more years than it is wise or ladylike to remember—the style that rendered an English Chilpéric possible, that made an English Drogan, so I have been told, irresistible—memories like this overcome me, and I feel that for this day I have done enough.

## THAT HORRID GRILLE!

"Take, oh! take this grille away,  
And then they will not say us nay,  
Stern legislators!  
Battalions of bright eyes, whose glances  
Are beauty's most effective lances,  
What boot these when the war doth rage  
Beneath, and we are in a cage  
Behind this grille?"

So Phyllis, at the midnight hour,  
Murmured beneath St. Stephen's Tower  
In accents tearful.  
When, in the thickest of the fray,  
Her champion "Mac" was brought to bay  
By Tommy Bowles, and eke by Joe  
Of Birmingham, ungallant foe  
Of voting woman!

"You say we maidens must be grilled,  
Lest we distract the mind that's filled  
With matters weighty.  
But why not list to Mr. Weir,  
And give Mamma a wider sphere?  
You've taken her aboard your Bill,  
You may as well remove the grille.  
Uncage the matrons!

"All that about a woman's sphere  
Is neither there, nor is it here,  
Nor is it logic.  
Nor need you think our souls to vex  
By dubbing 'failures of their sex'  
Ladies who do not choose to wed.  
We laugh, we spinsters, overhead,  
Behind the grille.

"We laugh who win; we're in the Bill,  
Matrons and maids, despite the grille,  
We have our vote  
For Parish Councils, and the day  
Cannot be very far away  
When we shall plump for 'Mac' and Fowler,  
Who held our wicket 'gainst that bowler,  
The lively Tommy."

L. A. L.

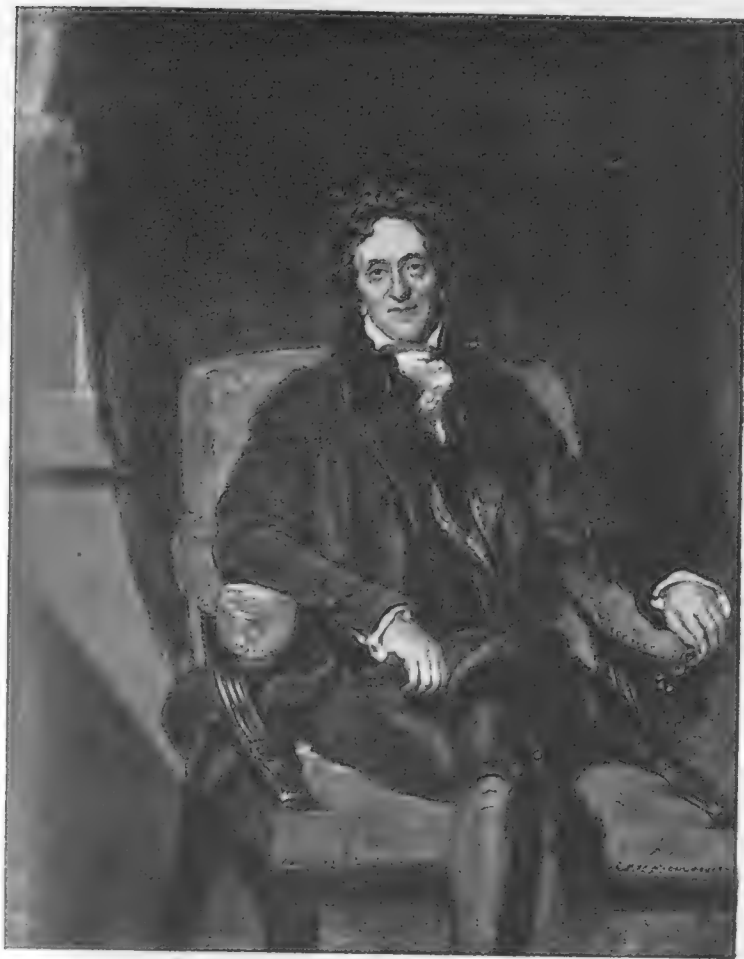


# THE LATE CURATOR OF THE SOANE MUSEUM.

## A REMINISCENCE.

*Photographs by Russell and Son, Baker Street, W.*

It was with a feeling of regret that I heard of the death of Mr. Wyatt Papworth, the curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, because I had recently had an interesting chat with him about the treasures in his keeping. Mr. Papworth, who died in the Museum



SIR J. SOANE.

last Sunday week, made his reputation as a writer on architecture. For forty long years he had in hand the magnificent "Dictionary of Architecture," begun in 1852 and completed two years ago, in eight large folio volumes. He also took a leading part in the promotion of technical education and in the City and Guilds Institute. He was thus in his element as curator of the Soane Museum, and I reproduce the chat I had with him pretty much as I originally wrote it.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields you can have your choice in museums. If you go south, there is the superb collection of John Hunter, which the Government bought for £15,000, and presented to the Royal College of Surgeons. On the north, frowning at the College, stands the Soane Museum. You need not wonder that it frowns, for it was the home of a haughty architect, and yet right in its teeth was done a dreadful outrage a few years ago to the other museum, for to a classic building, dependent mainly for its beauty on proportion, was actually added a new storey that naturally robs it of all claim even to respect as a building.

I found Mr. Papworth sitting in the wonderful dining-room of the Museum, and he talked on gladly over his charge, and pointed out proudly to me its treasures. Of course, the question arises, "Who was Sir John Soane?" In testing the public ignorance I have found that he is confused with Sir Hans Sloane, and supposed to have built Sloane Street. Perhaps the confusion is almost excusable, for the museum and library of Sir Hans, the physician and naturalist, were bought for the nation, and formed the beginning of the British Museum.

Sir John Soane was born at Reading in 1753, and was of humble origin. In 1772 he won the Royal Academy's silver medal, and four years later the gold. Sir William Chambers, the architect who designed Somerset House, mentioned his name to the King, who sent him to Italy for study. In 1788 he became architect to the Bank of England, and seven years later to the Woods and Forests. In 1802 he was elected R.A., and in 1806 was appointed Professor of Architecture, when he got into hot water for severely criticising the work of a living fellow-Academician in his lectures. He received many other honours, including that of knighthood in 1831, and died, after a remarkably prosperous, but not very happy life, at the age of eighty-four.

I asked Mr. Papworth why the Museum was opened so rarely.

"Rarely!" he answered. "It is open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in March, April, May, June, July, and August from eleven to five."

"That is to say, 101 days out of 365—I make you a present of leap year. And why is it closed on Saturdays, the one day of liberty for most of us?"

"Permit me to reply that it was left for the benefit of amateurs and students in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and to such other persons as shall apply for admission, and not for the general public. Then let me add that its main source of income to cover expenses of all kinds comes from a sum of £30,000 in Consols. We have to spend our money very carefully, and simply find that we cannot with our funds do more than at present. Moreover, on the private days or during the recess admission can be obtained by people really anxious to see the Museum. We don't do badly, after all, for our yearly average of visitors is 3500."

"That is about 35 per day on average."

"You see, we cannot keep open in the evening; we do not like to use gas; danger of fire and fear of injury to pictures restrain us. We have no funds for electric lighting, and there is the question of cost and attendance, for we have many things worth stealing, and cannot keep everything under glass cases. Look at this canette, or 'chopine,' as we call it, dated 1593, and bearing the arms of the Speckes of Hasleberry. Sir John deemed it a rare, fine piece of old English stoneware. You will find it referred to in the book, the quarto 'Description of the House and Museum,' &c. It is valuable, and might easily be stolen if we had not sharp attendants."

We looked, and found it stated that it illustrated the famous passage, "Your Ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine." At this I laughed, and suggested that the canette should be called a "chopin" or "choppin," and was an old liquid measure, while the "chopine," a word of different etymology, is a kind of elog or patten. The canette is really a piece of beautiful stoneware, like the work from Siegburg commonly called "Grès Flamande," because it is not Flemish. It may be English, though most authorities do not believe that such work—of which Martin and Doulton ware are modern representatives—was made in England before the seventeenth century.

"The Americans often come, anxious to see our Shaksperes," said the curator. "We have the first three editions of his plays, 1623, 1632, and 1664; they once belonged to John Kemble. Artists come frequently



THE STATUARY.

for our splendid set of drawings by Robert and James Adam; we have fifty-five folio volumes of their architectural designs. And, of course, our pictures are a great attraction."

It is not surprising. The four "Election" pictures by Hogarth, which cost Sir John 1650 guineas before the days of big prices, and the eight of "The Rake's Progress"—for which, in 1802, he gave 570 guineas—are brilliant examples of the great artist in a wonderful state. There is a splendid Turner, "Van Tromp's Barge Entering the Texel." Two of Canaletto's are to be seen, one of them, perhaps, his *chef-d'œuvre*. There is a beautiful Watteau, "Les Noces." Moreover, Reynolds, Rubens, J. Van Ruysdael, Veronese, Zuccarelli, James Ward,

Westall, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Van Ostade, Raphael, Bibiena, and many other mighty masters are represented by works of importance.

"Many people deem the sarcophagus the gem of our collection. Sir John bought it for £2000. Belzoni found it in 'The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings,' near Gournou, Thebes. It is aragonite, rarer and

more translucent than alabaster, 9 ft. 4 in. long, 3 ft. 8 in. wide, 2 ft. 8 in. deep, and from 2½ to 3½ in. thick, yet you can see a light through it. It is covered within and without with small figures in intaglio, coloured with a dark blue. The subjects of the hieroglyphics are of the greatest interest and importance."

"I would sooner see the Clovis manuscript," I observed, and went back to the curiously-arranged but beautiful dining-room to see the splendid illumination by Giulio Clovis of Cardinal Grimani's "Commentaries on St. Paul." The beauty of the work made me ill with envy, and afterwards I passed



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. PAPWORTH.

by original Flaxmans, fine gems, the original manuscript of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," Sir Christopher Wren's watch, Tippoo Sahib's ivory chains, Howard's ceiling pictures, wonderful old pieces of statuary, and countless other treasures with indifference.

"In the breakfast-room there are no less than ninety-nine mirrors in a curious original form of decoration, designed, of course, by Sir John," he observed.

"I wish my wife were with me," I answered; but came submissively, and was rewarded by finding a glass case full of fine illuminated manuscripts of thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In this room are two striking pictures of Napoleon, one by Goya, when he was twenty-eight, another by Isabey, taken seventeen years later. There is also a splendid terra-cotta model by Rysbrach of the surrender of Tallard to Marlborough.

"Would you like to see the models by Sir John? He was one of the last architects who, not content with mere drawings, made solid models to see the effect of his ideas. Here you will see drawings of buildings designed by him, and some of them carried out. If all had been executed, our London would be a gorgeous city."

"Yet fun was made of some of his work," I observed maliciously. The columns of the central portico on the east side in Regent Street were sportively said to be of the Boeotian order. Moreover, there

was once current an epigram on the Ionic colonnade of Carlton House—

Just venture to ask them, 'Pray what brings you there?'  
They'll answer, 'Pon honour, can't say, we declare.'

I remember, too, some vicious lines on Dulwich College beginning—

Ye vases fine and antie towers  
That crown the turnpike glade.

They led, I believe, to litigation, and a verdict against Sir John, the plaintiff."

"You will find," said Mr. Papworth, who could not be drawn into a discussion, since he suspected me of being Gothic in taste, "some fine portraits of Sir John by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., John Jackson, R.A., by Hunneman, N. Dance, two by G. Dance, W. Owen, R.A., and a marble bust by Sir Francis Chantrey."

"You have not," I inquired blandly, "the fragments of the portrait by Maclise made for the



CHOPINE, DATE 1503.

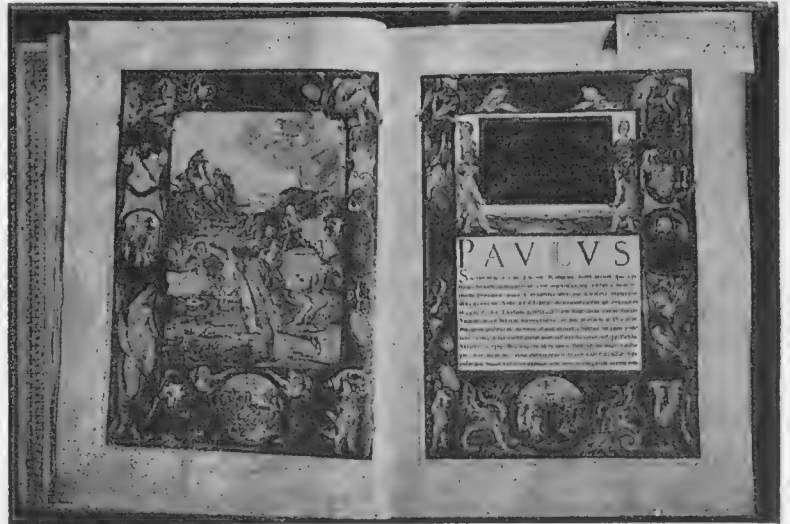
Literary Fund, which was so unflattering that Sir John threatened to withdraw his subscription: to put an end to the quarrel, William Jerdan cut it into pieces. You remember E. L. Blanchard's verses—

'Dear friend,' says Mr. J., with truth's own grace,  
'Your knight I've slaughtered with my penknife's lance;  
But then, if I had not destroyed his face,  
You would have surely lost his countenance.'

A logical defence! Let none deride,  
Or doubt that this each graver charge rebuts,  
Our friend may boast that he has multiplied  
A single picture into several cuts,

But is the face destroyed? Is hope, then, vain?  
No; Caesar stabbed by Brutus, doubtless, ceases;  
But what was Soame may yet be seen again,  
Although, to give us peace, 'tis cut in pieces."

"Why," said Mr. Papworth, "why dig up ancient history?"  
"Because," I replied, "it seems pertinent in a place which, like this, by its splendid treasures casts so much light upon ancient history."



THE CLOVIS MANUSCRIPT.

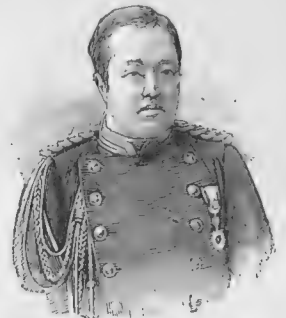
Thereon, with blinking eyes and aching back, I left the building, and wrote the interview which has now such a melancholy interest about it.

#### THE JAPANESE ARMY.

The blood of the Jap has been thoroughly roused over the Korean business, and the newspapers seem to contain little news of the crisis save the massing of the Mikado's troops. His Majesty has about six million men to fall back upon, because all males of the age of twenty

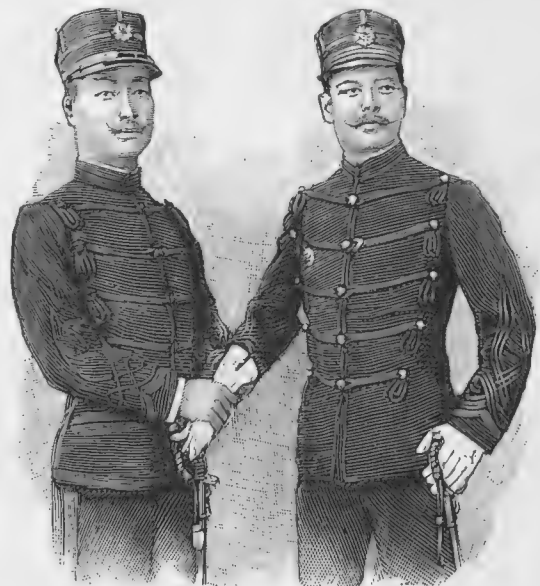


GENERAL OFFICER.



STAFF OFFICER.

are liable to serve in the standing army for seven years, of which three must be spent in active service and four in the reserve. After quitting the reserve they have to form part of the *Landwehr* for another five years, and every male from seventeen up to forty years of age



INFANTRY LIEUTENANT.

CAVALRY CAPTAIN.

who is not in the line, the reserve, or the *Landwehr* must belong to the *Landsturm*. The army is composed of the Imperial Guard and six divisions. According to the latest statistics, the standing army numbers 56,541 men, and the reserve 96,951, while the men of the *Landwehr* figure at 97,762.

## PARTRIDGE SHOOTING BEGINS.

BY DAVID S. MELDRUM.



August the Twelfth marks the beginning of the shooting season, the First of September sees it open for all. It is the chosen of the earth only who rent grouse moors. A few more, a little less singular, have friends who rent them; unfortunately, to be happy in such friends is not to be asked to share their luxuries. Thus, to have shot, or even shot at, a grouse is to be one of the elect. To have seen the live bird is itself a distinction. In the shooting of partridges, on the other hand, we are associated with all sorts and conditions; we share with the meanest the delightful associations of the bonnie birds of the stubbles. One might mark this difference between the September bird and that of August by saying that, while many more have put teeth to dead grouse than have set eyes on living ones, most have eaten and all have seen the partridge. The reason is that, go where you will in Great Britain, you find the "bonnie brown birds." In certain districts, indeed, the birds are browner than in others, and the browner they are the bonnier. The grey in colour and lean in body are

bred on high land, which, as a rule, is poor land; the richly-hued and plump birds are those of fat agricultural districts. The smaller grey bird, however, when cooked as Mr. Saintsbury could advise, is oftener the daintier to the palate, which is a compensation for other defects, although one which the bird itself cannot be expected to appreciate. But these are only local variations in the same bird, and we come back to the fact that the partridge is widely distributed throughout Great Britain: hence the far-reachingness of its associations. Its popularity beyond all game birds, the grouse not excepted, is due, doubtless, to its virtues, of which its monogamous habit may be counted one. Saving the poacher, none will put ill-hand to the partridge until the First arrives, and this although every nest is known to farm labourer or rustic dweller.

Yet it might be wrong to say that but for its popularity the bird had been extinct long since, for its virtues are of the saving kind. It is modest, and it is cautious beyond most. It follows the plough shrewdly, matching the changes that take place in husbandry with changes in its own habits. It has adapted itself to its environment, and so by every argument of science deserves to flourish and increase as it does.

And now that the First of September is upon us, and the calendars tell us that partridge shooting begins, the shooter also, if he would equal his quarry in discretion, must adapt himself to changed conditions. If that involves changed methods, if he feels with some bitterness that the sport is not as once it was, let him seek consolation in the reflection that it has ever been so. If he cannot stomach our modern "driving," let him consider the changes that have come since Nicholas Cox, in his "Gentleman's Recreations," declared for his "driving of partridges" as the most delightful way of taking them. His instrument was a net, "pitched slopewise and hovering," into which the fowler, masked as to his face in green or dark blue, drove his partridges, stalking them behind a "horse cut out of canvas" and stuffed. His engine, it will be observed, is that of the present-day poacher, who is only two centuries behind his time in not shooting, but confining himself to netting (being an exact topographer), or to "clubbing" if the corn be standing. To gentlemen to be recreated in days considerably more recent than those of Nicholas Cox, the gun was, if such a mixture in figure be allowed, only a second string to their bow. John Gay, who "meditated the rural muse upon a slender reed" with some profit to himself, describes for us the "subtle dog scouring with sagacious nose."

"He treads with caution and he points with fear," until the fluttering covey rise in the snare. The "scatt'ring lead" and the "death in thunder" come in the secondary flights of his muse. Even in the Georgian era the sportsman was fowler as well as gunner. His shooting equipment was sufficiently cumbrous, perhaps, to justify methods that in our eyes would disgrace a poacher. Not less marked than the change from the pitching of the nets to the shooting at game flying is the development of shooting itself once it was left the only legitimate method. From flint-and-steel and leather wads, through percussion caps and breech-loaders, to choke-bores and smokeless powder is a wonderful transition. And if the grievance of our more old-fashioned shooter is concerning methods rather than weapons (for, it may be, he can match his gun with the best), let him remember that the rise of driving is simultaneous with the rise of high tillage, and that the less exacting gunnery and more tedious finding of the game and the double hedgerows and the stubble cover of his youth have passed away together. Or, if for him, as for many more fortunate ones, they have not quite passed away, if this year, as of old, he can say with Burns—

I gaed a rovin' wi' the gun,  
An' brought a patrick to the grun',

that only shows that the sport still remains to make, as it has made for generations, the memory of the First of September so delightful.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.  
From an old print.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's story in the Autonym Library, "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," has had a rapid circulation, the first large edition having been exhausted. There has been considerable difference of opinion among the reviewers as to its merits. One critic says that it confirms what he had previously suspected to be the case—that there is in Mr. Crockett a vein of madness.

The September number of the *Bookman* contains an interesting article on Walter Pater by Mr. Philip Macdonell, of Brasenose College, Oxford. Mr. Macdonell, who has greatly distinguished himself at Oxford, is the eldest son of that eminent journalist, James Macdonell, of the *Times*.

Some additional essays by Emily Brontë have been discovered, and will be included in the forthcoming edition of her works.

Messrs. Dent are to include the novels of Miss Ferrier among their excellent publications.

Mark Twain has written two essays in the *North American Review* in defence of Harriet Shelley. They are exceedingly clever, and put the case for Harriet as well as it could be put. But, in fairness to Shelley and in fairness to Professor Dowden, it ought to be remembered that the time has not yet come for telling the whole sad story which ended in Harriet Shelley's suicide.

Mr. John Ayling, who has taken part in preparing the "Book of the Lifeboat," is a stepson of Mr. John Morley, and a partner in the firm of Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil is said to be writing a political novel. A paragraphist informs us that she has already proved herself a clear and capable writer of Primrose League leaflets.

The really romantic period of Mr. Barry Pain's life ended, it would seem, with his schooldays. Of course, he writes love stories, and tragic stories, and comic stories, of high life and low; but whenever he wants to put in a dash of real genuine sentiment back he goes at a bound to school, and squeezes out the emotion from below the rugged surface of some mischievous but golden-hearted youth and some preceptor who has rigidly to bank up by forbidding-looking walls the rivers of kindness that would else overflow.

In "The Kindness of the Celestial" (Henry), his new collection of stories, the best are those of school life. They are really good; the others are all more or less of the nature of experiments, some of them successful, one or two with fantastic situations that are distinctly original, if not very well worked out. Of these "queer stories," "An Arrival" contains the best idea. A music-master who loves and respects his art has a pupil whose taste for it is of a very uncultivated kind, and who is dying of consumption. When he plays good things to her, she feels that in another existence she liked or could have liked them; but in her present stage of culture she is quite incapable of appreciation. The master plays on, always the best; and the pupil finally dies, whereupon the master has a kind of vision that death has broken down the wall that blocked her sense of the real and the beautiful, and that, in fact, she has arrived where he had sought to bring her.

The next cleverest after the schoolboys' stories is "My Cousin," a rather savage bit of satire on a dangerous and unattractive order of womankind. In this dead season "The Kindness of the Celestials" rouses gratitude. But that does not prevent us from remarking that Mr. Barry Pain tarries long in the land of promise. He has done nothing yet that enables us to make up our minds on his account.

A little while ago, Mrs. Piatt published in this country her book of poems, "An Enchanted Castle," and thereby delighted many English readers. Perhaps, unlike most books of verse, they were successful, which would account for the rest of her poems being collected in two volumes, as they are now. From "The Enchanted Castle," one named her confidently a poet: these two volumes show her only a too prolific verse-maker. A little time given to them, however, is not ill-spent. There are nuggets for the digging.

This looks like a riddle—

It is subtle, and weary, and wide;  
It measures the world at my side;  
It touches the stars and the sun;  
It creeps with the dew to my feet;  
It broods on the blossoms, and none,  
Because of its brooding, are sweet;  
It slides as a snake in the grass,  
Whenever, wherever I pass.

It makes of the picture but paint,  
It unhaloes the brow of the saint.

The answer is given in the title, "A Doubt." But few, unfortunately, are so well made, though there is not one verse with an ugly thought or without a sweet taste in the whole two volumes. It is the minor and not the greater poets that want editing, and some of them are worth it.

In the popular edition of the works of Dr. George Macdonald, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, reappears, in enlarged form, his "Dish of Orts." This book is a collection of essays on moral and on literary subjects. If one pierces through their somewhat unattractive form, one comes upon such excellent matter as most of the literary critics and essayists of the newer school would have to bestir themselves to rival. Yet one instinctively prefers the newer school. What is at fault in a book like this? Mainly, I think, that he has written on a sermon model, and no worse literary model exists. It is not its moralising that damns it, but its lengthiness, its complacent monotony. Yet some of the old sermon-writers did their work with a fine art, with restraint, and in most chosen language.

Dr. Macdonald wrote much—among it two fine novels and some exquisite lyrics. Now this book comes to remind us that he had the gifts of a very sympathetic, if not very fastidious, critic as well, and that we have lost a humane and cultured essayist, because a sermon-writer could not stem the tide of his over-fluency.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema is the newest of Mr. Heinemann's "Pioneers." Her pioneering is rather amateurish, and undertaken a good deal too seriously. Her heroine is a young lady of advanced opinions on all questions, and at that elementary stage when the expression of them in solemn terms seems a sacred duty and when the thought that they are a good deal shocking to the vulgar mind is a sweet delight. On religion and on the marriage question she is not a little sententious.

The story is told in the rather hackneyed form of letters and a journal. Emilia has a friend, a more frivolous, much less advanced young person, who lives abroad, to whom she pours out her soul. Then she makes another, a poet, who lives in the most delightfully unconventional and untidy way with his father and aunt, all three having given up their employments in town in order to live a life of freedom, happy disorder, and innocent idleness in the country. They are a charming household, and Miss Alma-Tadema draws them with humour and sympathy. Of course, the friendship does not last long in the cooler stages, and when the young, wealthy heroine has dared the wrath of her highly respectable family by becoming engaged to the penniless poet her great desire is that her two dearest friends should meet.

They do meet, with what result can be guessed, for the situation is not altogether a novel one. The working out of the story is novel enough, only a little high-strung and melodramatic. But in spite of amateurishness "The Wings of Icarus" is a book of promise. There is a large amount of fine work in it. In the interpretation of delicate shades of sentiment Miss Alma-Tadema is already skilled.

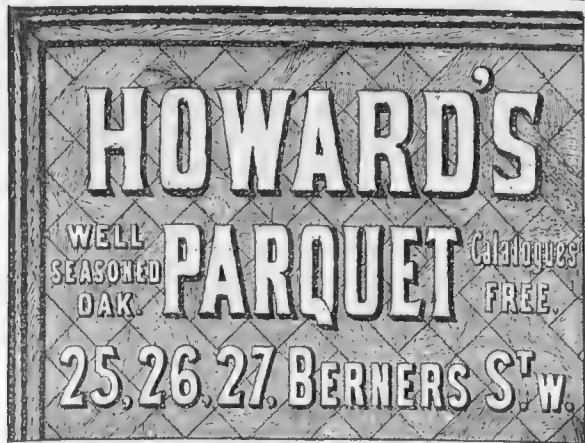
## FRENCH PHILATELICS.

French philatelists have been in a flutter over the new postage-stamp designs, of which there were six hundred specimens. After a choice

had been made, five of the rejected designs received honourable mention from the committee of selection, and a sum of £20 has been assigned to the artist of each. Three of these rejected addresses, if the phrase is allowable, are reproduced here. It is not astonishing that the Columbus issue of American stamps should have resulted in one of the designs being oblong. It represents a woman with arms extended, and enshrouded by the folds of her robe. "The Republic"

raises to the stars the symbols of progress and peace. Another design shows a female figure, representing the Republic, sitting, sword in hand, under the olive-tree of peace. In still another Madame Republic is shown in Phrygian head-gear, and crowned with the olive branch.

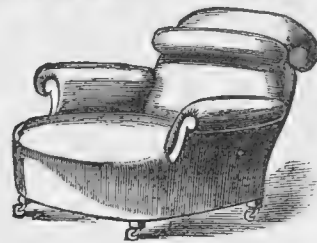




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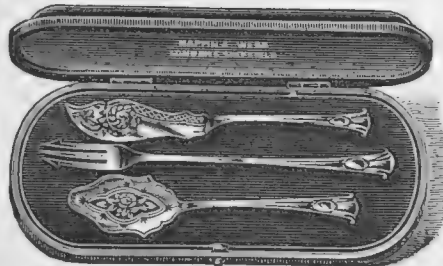
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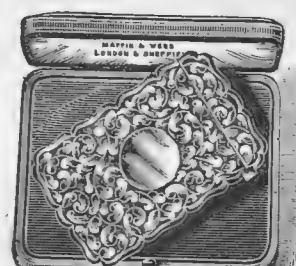
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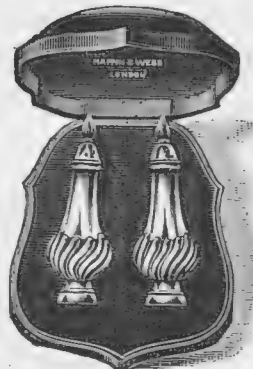
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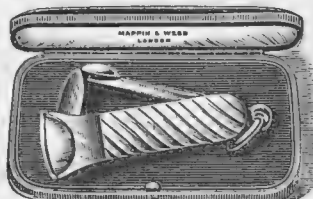


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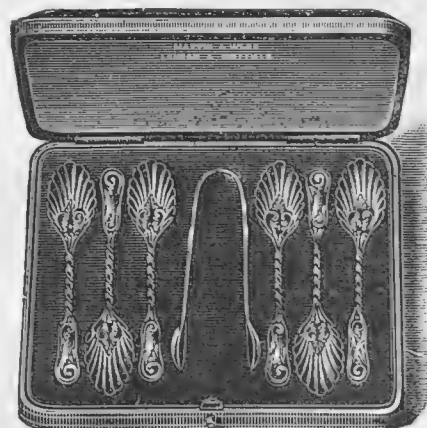


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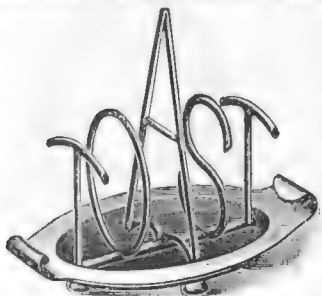
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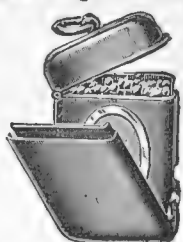
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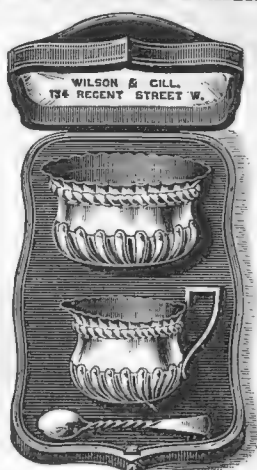
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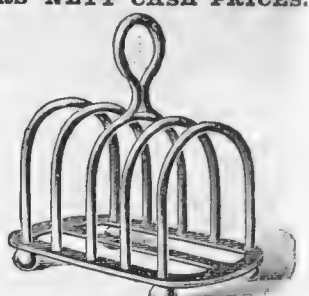
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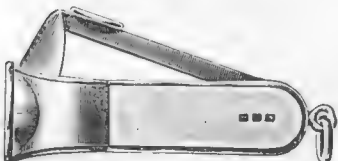
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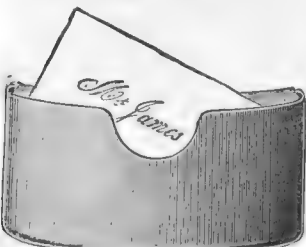
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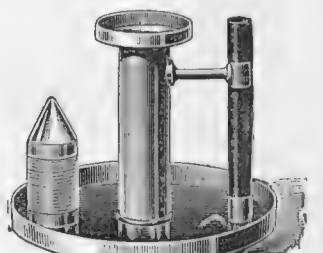
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## THE POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

The Postmaster of New York might be pardoned if he considered himself the busiest man on earth. He has his own metropolitan service to look after—a matter of providing mail collections and deliveries for nearly two millions of people—and, in addition, he superintends and is responsible for the shipment and reception of that enormous volume of Transatlantic mails, involving last year 65,000,000 letters and post-cards alone, which centres upon the chief American port. Under a burden of this sort men do not easily get holidays. Fifteen years have gone by since the last visit of a New York Postmaster to London. The present occupant of the post, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, finds himself now in England only because the physicians peremptorily bade him choose between the rest of a sea-voyage and utter collapse.

A representative of *The Sketch* found Mr. Dayton catching his breath, so to speak, between a tour among some of the newer branch

improvements in the New York service have been suggested to me by observation here. Perhaps your Parcels Post system comes nearest to raising such a question. We have nothing at all like it, so far as the department is concerned, in America. All that kind of work is done there, both locally and far distances, by private enterprise—what we call express companies. They answer roughly to your Carter, Paterson or Pickford, only they have swift horses and light wagons for local delivery, and do a huge railway business as well. Of course, their existence complicates the question of the Government taking the matter up, and I only mention it as a thing worth thinking over.

"No; I don't think that Governmental assumption of telegraph lines and work is within view as a practical step with us. Your own experience of steadily losing money on the telegraph side of your Postal Department is not calculated to encourage us in the experiment. Besides, there are other objections. It is wholly my own notion, but I fancy that if your Government, with what they know now, had the bargain with the original vendors of the telegraph lines to make over again they would think twice about it.

"Regarding the relative local services in the two cities, the conditions in London and New York differ so radically that comparisons are difficult. Roughly speaking, you have less than three times our population, but you have nearly twenty times as many branch offices in your metropolitan district as we have. London has a branch office for every 5200 people, New York has one for every 50,000. You employ nearly five times as many people as we do. But in this last matter the figures are somewhat misleading. The men in the lower grades of your service here, such as the carriers, do not at all correspond with ours. Very little is expected of your carrier in the way of initiative and responsibility, and he gets paid accordingly. My understanding is that his wages range from £3 to £5 a month. The maximum pay of New York carriers is £20 per month, and a very considerable proportion of my carriers get that pay. But then they have to be worth it—that is to say, we look to them to know all about their districts, to keep track of removals, ferret out obscure addresses, and so on, without bothering the head offices."

The Postmaster smiled at the next question. "No; there are no pensions, and no such routine of permanency and promotion by rote as in your service. The Civil Service idea is gradually assuming form and substance with us, but the outcome will never be very English. These things are the natural outgrowth of surroundings, of national habits and inclinations. You can't make them to order."

"But you were made to order—officially, I mean."

Now the Postmaster sighed, and nodded his head. "Yes, unhappily," he assented. "I took the office against my will, and I remain in it at a continual sacrifice, not only of health, but of professional and monetary considerations. But that is known well enough at home. It doesn't concern you here. There is one other thing I should like to mention. I am very much impressed by the attention your postal authorities have paid to the well-being of their employees in the matter of sanitation, space, ventilation, and the like, in their newer buildings. This interests me, because the first thing I did when I took office was to try to improve the New York condition of affairs in this direction. You can't get good work out of men who are badly housed and unhealthily crowded together."

There were many other features of Mr. Dayton's interesting talk which one would like to reproduce if space permitted. It was impossible not to be impressed by the sincerity with which he alluded to the sacrifices which the Postmastership involved. He is a lawyer of recognised position in New York, who, as a young man, sat in the State Legislature a dozen years ago, and has since then had political offices thrust upon him against his own desires and tastes. It is characteristic of the man, however, that, being in harness, he should devote even his sick-leave to the task of mastering London's postal tricks, in the hope that some of them may help him to improve the work of his office at home.

## THE MYSTERIES OF FISH CULTURE.

One wonders what old Izaak Walton would think were he to come back to earth and see the elaborate science which has been formed round everything that concerns his beloved art. The importance of the fish in our food-supply is being paid more attention to than ever—witness the agitation that encompasses the trawling question. Various artificial methods of fish-culture are in vogue, and the Americans have made a great study of the subject. At Lake Erie there are great culture stations, and a set of special railway cars to convey living fish in tanks to and from different parts of the country. The tanks line each side of the cars, and at night they are covered over, and the attendants make their beds on the top of them in specially-fitted bunks. Our illustration shows how spawn is squeezed from a fish.

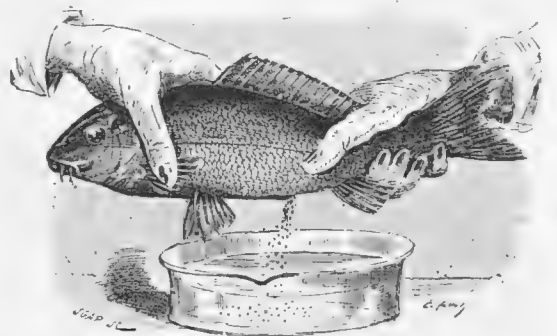


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. DAYTON, THE POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

offices in the West End and an appointment to inspect the older and more crowded branches down Whitechapel way. Rumours in the daily press of his activity and zeal in seeing all that London's postal system had to show him had undermined the theory that it was an invalid who was to be interviewed. The Postmaster's appearance destroyed what was left of it. A man of rather less than medium height, thickly-built, fair-haired, with an open, boyish face, and a calmer, cooler manner than we associate with the executive type of New Yorker—this was Mr. Dayton.

"No; I'm all right again," was his response to the opening query. "The sea-trip and the change of scene—this curious, cool August of yours, and the snatches of country air I have been able to get—they have pulled me round."

"But all this scurrying about London, examining branch offices, making notes, collecting material—isn't that a quaint conception of the rest your doctors ordered?"

"It does me no harm," replied the Postmaster. "In fact, with such delightful guides as I have had, the experience is a tonic in itself. If I am to say things, I want first of all to say that the attentions showered upon me by your Postmaster-General, Mr. Morley, and the Secretary of the Post Office, Mr. Walpole, and the personal pains taken by the Controller of the London Department, Mr. Badcock, by Mr. Walkley, Mr. Smith, and others, have surprised as much as they have charmed me. We have grown used to looking up to London as a pattern and model in all postal matters, but I had no notion whatever of the way in which the department has cultivated the graces and arts of hospitality to strangers.

"As to my impressions of what I have seen? Well, that is rather a large order. It would be difficult to say that any definite reforms or

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The old question of slow scoring has once more been revived. It so happened that on a particular day Notts County were playing Middlesex, and had two and a-half hours to knock up the 190 runs necessary to win. The Nottingham batsmen once more showed their incapacity for quick run-getting by scoring 67 runs in the time. The contrast between this performance and another on the same afternoon in a match between Sussex and Hampshire is very striking. In this match Sussex obtained a long lead, and, no doubt thinking it would be impossible for Hampshire to get the 241 runs necessary to win, declared their innings closed. The Sussex captain, however, had reckoned without the fast and furious scoring

"Why, Turner has sent me a straight one at last!" It appears, then, according to his own showing, that Gunn cannot score fast either from straight bowling or wide bowling, and probably he is correct.

Although a match ending in a tie is not without precedent, I feel certain that never has there been a more exciting finish than when Surrey and Lancashire played their recent match, which ended in a tie at the Oval. All the circumstances conspired to intensify the excitement. If Surrey lost the match, they would in all probability lose the championship; if they won the match, they would in all probability win the championship; if it ended in a tie, so would the championship probably end in a tie. At one time Surrey appeared to have the worst of the game, but

Crean.

P. M'Gurgan.

W. H. M'Ardle (Captain).

J. Haslett.

J. Murphy.



J. M'Carthy.

G. Jackson.

T. G. Hanna.

R. Hunt.

R. M. Taylor.

R. Kennedy.

THE CITY OF BELFAST ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ABERNETHY, BELFAST.

of Captain Wynyard and Mr. Hill. The gallant captain himself put on 117 in less than a couple of hours, and Hampshire won a great and unexpected victory.

The point to be brought out is that Notts County scored 67 in two and a-half hours, while Hampshire knocked up 241 in two hours and three-quarters. The Nottingham spectators are evidently not admirers of the methods of their own batsmen, for they had the bad taste—and it is bad taste—to hoot C. W. Wright and Gunn for not attempting to force the game. Now we come to the curious part of the proceeding. Gunn writes a long letter of complaint to the papers, threatening that he will retire altogether from the game if he is again insulted in this way. So far he is perfectly right, but when he states, as a reason for his slow play, that the bowling was too straight for run-getting one is obliged to laugh. Everyone who knows anything at all about cricket knows that Gunn will not upon any account touch balls that come wide of the wicket—indeed, he has many a time been bowled by refusing to play balls which pitched wide of the wicket and afterwards broke in. Last season, when accused of slow play against the Australians at Lord's, he gave as a reason that Mr. Turner would not send him up any straight balls, and when he did receive one on the wicket, in about half an hour, he turned sarcastically to Blackham, the wicket-keeper, and remarked,

the result just shows that one should never give up hope until the last ball is bowled. When the last innings came, Lancashire only required 75 runs to get to win on a fairly good wicket. They had scored just about double that number on a worse wicket on the previous day. At the beginning of the innings it appeared any odds on Lancashire winning. After half an hour's play, when five Lancashire wickets had been clean bowled for nine runs, it appeared any odds on Surrey winning. Some plucky batting by S. M. Tindall, Tinsley, and Smith once more completely changed the aspect of the game, until when the last man came in Lancashire required only two runs to win and one to tie. The thousands present will never forget the excitement of the next few minutes. The batsmen were Tinsley and Mold. They held a consultation. It was evidently arranged between them that Tinsley was to block a ball, and Mold backing up, they were to steal a run. Mold started to do his part of the business, and had got half way down the pitch when he was told to go back. He might easily have been run out had the Surrey captain had his wits about him, for, instead of backing up at the wicket, he stood several yards away when the ball was thrown in, and the opportunity was lost. From the very next ball Tinsley gave a hard chance of being caught in the slips, but Brockwell could not quite secure the ball, and a run was made, which brought the

[Continued on page 273.]

# No Voice, However Feeble, Lifted Up for Truth Dies.—Whittier.

THE VICTORIAN REIGN IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

## A HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said MOSES, MUNOO, and MAHOMMED all made Cleanliness a Religion. Twenty-five years hence, PURE WATER, and HOUSES FIT TO LIVE IN will be sought by the WHOLE POPULATION, JUST AS GOOD WAGES ARE NOW.

Why not at once? Because they have "Eyes and see not, and ears and hear not."

## THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR. JEOPARDY OF LIFE—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When black death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.—TIMES.

A NEW ERA.

A GREAT BATTLE FOR (HUMAN) CONSTITUTION. The Vital Platform for the Future Election; HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

A CLEAR SKY in a PLACE LIKE LONDON,

CLEARER AND CLEANER STREETS,

THE EMANCIPATION IN CLOSE PLACES of one person from the Impoisoned Breath and Emanations of another.

ROOM TO BREATHE:

THESE are the BLESSINGS THE PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR from their Sanitary Deliverers," —RICHARDSON.

"THE MOST SOLEMN TRUTH HIS PROFESSION HAD TAUGHT HIM was that NATURE WAS IMPLACABLE:

SHE NEVER FORGOT and SHE NEVER FORGAVE.

THEY MUST BE IN THE CUSTODY of TWO POLICEMEN.

EXPERIENCE and UNDERSTANDING,

OR THEY WOULD ALWAYS and EVERYWHERE BE LED ASTRAY."—SIR ANDREW CLARK ON Health.

THE MORAL OF THE WHOLE!

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND is the only true standard of HEALTH and HAPPINESS to produce a HOME RULE ELYSIUM:

THEN YOU WILL HAVE DISEASE ALMOST A THING OF THE PAST, BUT NOT UNTIL THEN.

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS to mankind, and the misery entailed, the above facts reveal, and as yet we have

NO CORONER OR SANITARY TRIBUNAL

TO DECIDE THE GUILT FOR SUCH

ARRAY OF PREVENTIBLE DEATH.

WHAT DASHES to the EARTH SO MANY HOPES, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as UNTIMELY DEATHS—to say nothing of rates and taxes arising from the loss of

THE BREADWINNERS OF FAMILIES.

AND SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE; so gliding on

IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR, and is GONE.

THE BREATH of THIS LIFE, FRESH AIR.

WHAT IS MANY THOUSAND TIMES

MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANARCHISM OR WAR?

(OUTRAGED NATURE—SHE KILLS—SHE KILLS,

AND IS NEVER TIRED OF KILLING, TILL

SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THAT TERRIBLE LESSON THAT

NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER.

THE ANTIDOTE—AVOID IMPURE AIR, and

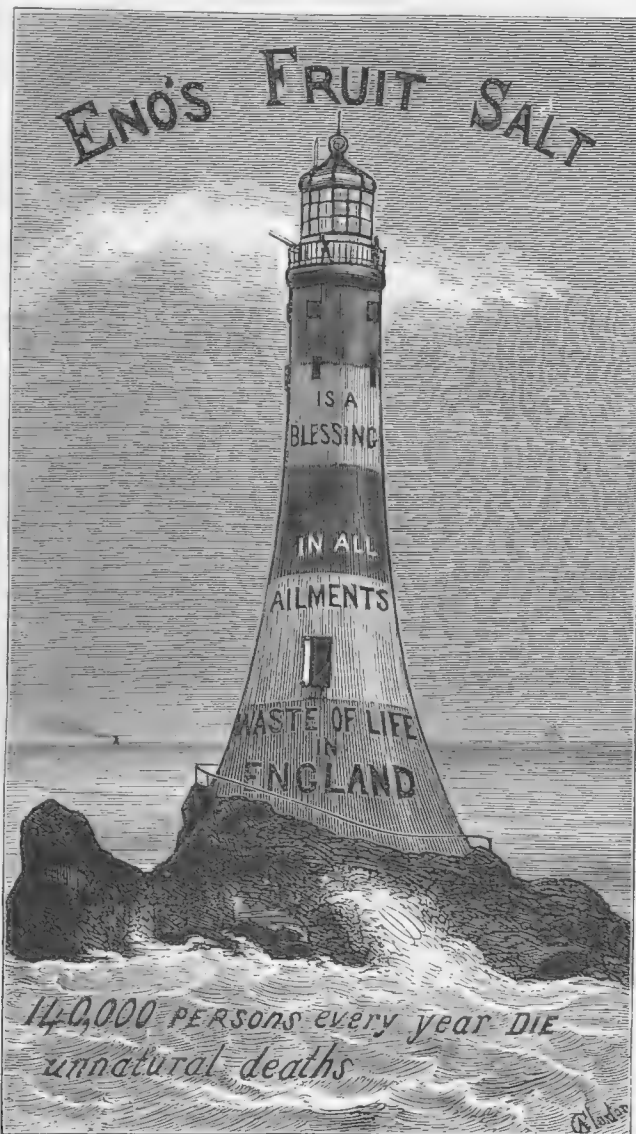
USE "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."

So might thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop into thy mother's lap, or be with ease Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death.

### THE GREAT DANGER OF BREATHING IMPURE AIR.

In about two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the human system, amounting in the adult to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Everyone, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiated air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood—not a point but must have suffered injury.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best-known remedy; it removes fetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, soothing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.



"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have, on three occasions, been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal 18th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Sir J. C. Eno."

"I USED my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

### HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH.

"After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am now restored to my usual health. And others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years. Yours most truly, Robert Humphreys, Post Office, Barrasford."

BANGKOK, SIAM.—Important to all Travelers.—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. Loftus, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. Davidson, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. Eno, Esq."

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT on the BANK of LIFE.—Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impurities on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c.

### USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

IT PREVENTS DIARRHOEA and Removes it in the early stages.

IT is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, Soothing, and Invigorating.

YOU cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

WITHOUT such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

THERE is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

THE VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

CANNOT BE TOLD. Its success in

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA,

AUSTRALIA, and NEW ZEALAND proves it.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" ASSISTS

THE FUNCTIONS of the LIVER, BOWELS,

SKIN and KIDNEYS by NATURAL MEANS.

THUS the BLOOD is FREED from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS.

THE FOUNDATIONS and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, &c.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" PREVENTS

ANY OVER-ACID STATE of the BLOOD.

IT SHOULD BE KEPT IN EVERY BED-ROOM.

IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

BE CAREFUL TO AVOID RASH ACIDULATED SALINES, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Only truth can give true reputation. Only reality can bring real profit. The secret of success—sterling honesty of purpose. Without it life is a sham.

CAUTION.—EXAMINE EACH BOTTLE, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



Supplied under Royal Warrant  to Her Majesty the Queen.

“Honest water which ne’er left man i’ the mire.”—*Timon of Athens, Act I., Sc. 2.*

The finest tribute ever accorded to sterling merit is contained in the “Lancet” of August 8, 1891, which embodies the Report of the “Lancet” Special Commissioner on Natural Mineral Waters; JOHANNIS—the subject of the Report—being selected from amongst the Natural Mineral Waters of the World as WORTHY OF THIS DISTINCTION.

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## THE KING OF NATURAL TABLE WATERS.

“The Water mixes well with Wines and Spirits, the peculiar softness which the *Natural* gas lends to the taste rendering it admirably adapted for the purpose.”—*LANCET.*

“The remainder of a bottle opened and recorked exhibited marked effervescence after four days. The carbonic gas is exceptionally pure, being the *Natural* gas collected from the Springs.”—*MEDICAL ANNUAL.*

MIXES EQUALLY WELL WITH WINES, SPIRITS, OR LEMON SQUASHES.

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Per Case of 50,  
22s.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -Bottles:  
Per Case of 100,  
35s.

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Per Case of 100,  
25s.

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CASES INCLUDED.

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W. & A. Gilbey's  
Agents  
throughout the  
Kingdom.



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Merchants, and  
Stores at the  
following prices  
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Bottles.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -Bots.  $\frac{1}{4}$ -Bots.  
6/- 4/6 3/6

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Bottles.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -Bots.  $\frac{1}{4}$ -Bots.  
6/6 5/- 3/9

SUPPLIED AT ALL  
FIRST-CLASS  
HOTELS, CLUBS, &  
RESTAURANTS.

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“The GAS consists, it is evident, of practically pure CO<sub>2</sub>, viz., 99.98 per cent.”

“So enormous, in fact, is the Quantity of Gas evolved from the Spring that a considerable proportion of it is pumped under pressure into steel cylinders or tubes, which are made to contain liquid carbonic acid equal to many hundred gallons of gas, and actually sold to the Proprietors of Springs which are less favoured by nature as regards the yield of gas.”—*Lancet.*

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**80,000,000 BOTTLES**

per annum of Water charged entirely with its own Carbonic Acid Gas, absolutely pure and natural.

Agents for Lancashire, North Wales, and Isle of Man:

“JOHANNIS” STORES, 46, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Springs: ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY.

London Office: 25, REGENT STREET, S.W.

scores level. The match was now a tie, and the people were almost beside themselves with excitement. Mold was caught at the wicket from the next ball, and one of the most extraordinary matches ever played ended in a tie. It is not often, as in this match, that the whole course of the season's cricket depends on a chance lost or the scoring of a single run.

There can be no doubt that Yorkshire and Surrey are incomparably the best teams of the year. Commend me to Surrey above all others on a hard wicket, and commend me to Yorkshire on almost any kind of wicket. In their return match with Gloucester, Yorkshire won by an innings and 100 runs. This match was rendered notable by the fact that two Yorkshiremen scored a century and over. It was no new thing to see Brown knock up 100 runs; but very few people, I take it, expected to see Hirst, the bowler, score 115 (not out). Surrey had a similar triumph in their return match with Kent at the Oval, when the home county won by an innings and 137 runs. The feature of the Surrey batting was a magnificent innings of 142 by Hayward and an excellent score of 68 by Street. The bowling of Lockwood and Richardson in the Lancashire and Kent matches was beyond all praise. Given a certain task to do, there are no men in the world more likely to bring it off than the two Surrey fast bowlers.

We are now practically at the beginning of the end. The last county championship match will be played at Nottingham to-morrow between the home county and Kent. Surrey also run down to Leyton to play their return fixture with Essex, while the Scarborough week opens with a match between selected teams of the North and the South. In September we have a few matches of the usual picnic order, and the season will definitely close with what is called a testimonial match at Lord's on Sept. 17 between the Gentlemen and Players of the South. The testimonial is for G. F. Hearne, the painstaking and intelligent clerk at Lord's Ground. This will be the last appearance of all the southern cricketers, who sail for Australia with Mr. Stoddart a few days later.

#### ATHLETICS.

It is still true, perhaps, that when constabulary duty's to be done the policeman's life is not a happy one; but the policeman at play is just as jolly as anybody else. The Dublin Police had their play-day a fortnight ago. One of the most exciting contests in the sports was the tug-of-war, open to the United Kingdom, for teams not exceeding 140 st. Six teams competed, including the Royal Irish Constabulary, Belfast, the Govan Police, the Dublin Police, and 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers. The Dublin men were the champions of Ireland, and the Govan team, who were captained by a kilted giant, were the cocks of the walk in Scotland. To the surprise of the Dublinites, the Belfast men won amid great excitement. When they reached home, they were met at the station by a huge crowd of their fellow-townsmen, including the Lord Mayor, who gave them a wildly enthusiastic reception.

#### GOLF.

The Irish amateur championship takes place this year on Sept. 5 on the green of the Royal Dublin Golf Club at Dollymount. On the previous day there will be an amateur handicap by strokes, while the next three days will be occupied by the championship competition. Last season Mr. John Ball, who holds the English championship, was the successful competitor in Ireland. In the previous year, when the contest was inaugurated, Mr. Andy Stewart won the championship. It will be seen that the Irish championship has not yet been won by an Irishman, but perhaps we will see a change of fortune this year.

The principle of heredity holds good in golf as in other forms of sport. We have all heard of the Morris, the Dunns, the Parks, the Auchterlonies, and the Simpsons. The name of H. H. Hilton is as well known as need be, but the appearance of a younger brother—R. S.—is likely to make the family name even more famous. Like his brother, he is a great stroke player. R. S. Hilton recently won the Lubbock medal of the Royal Liverpool Club with a score of 84, and in this competition actually defeated Mr. Ball, the amateur champion.

One is getting tired of being continually told that there is still something in the way in the making of a match between Andrew Kirkaldy and his possible rivals, Fernie and Taylor. Meanwhile, another match is proposed, which would be almost, if not quite, as interesting as the Kirkaldy v. Taylor affair. It appears that Sandy Herd, of Huddersfield, is anxious to play Henry Varden, the young English professional who came to the front in the championship at Sandwich and afterwards at Deal. Herd has undoubtedly the greater reputation, but it ought not to be forgotten that in the open competition held at Ilkley early in the spring Varden finished ten strokes in front of Herd. At Sandwich, Varden was four strokes better than Herd, and the only success which Herd has had over Varden was at Deal, where the Huddersfield man beat his rival by three strokes.

#### CYCLING.

It is said that Zimmerman, who has just finished a tour in England, is making money at the rate of £4000 a year as a professional rider. He told me himself that he received a thousand pounds to come over for a short engagement in Paris, and I understand that he receives large sums annually from the makers of the machine and tyres which he rides. No doubt, some people will think it a fine thing to be a professional cyclist, but one ought to remember that there is only one Zimmerman. It appears to me that there is practically only one prize to a thousand blanks.

OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Doncaster this year may not attract the Upper Ten Thousand as before, but the crowd will be as great as ever on the Town Moor, and for this reason: the train service is so good and so cheap that the trippers are not likely to miss the chance of an outing. The St. Leger does not look like being a very exciting race, and I regard it as a certainty for Ladas; while I see no reason why Matchbox should not be second again, as he is pounds in front of Throstle. With regard to the third position, many think Amiable ought to fill it, but I fancy the three-year-old fillies are a poor lot. The Oaks winner may be beaten by Son o' Mine.

Russley, where Son o' Mine is being trained for the St. Leger, first came into notice as a training place when King trained for Baron Rothschild, after whom Matthew Dawson presided there from 1861 until 1866, when the latter left for Newmarket. James Waugh was the next one on the list, and he stayed the same length of time as his predecessor, being succeeded by Robert Peck. From the time that this trainer took over the charge of thoroughbreds on the Wiltshire Downs things began to look up, and it was there that such sterling winners as Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Bend Or were shown the way they should go. It is only a short time ago since Charles Peck took up his residence at Russley, and he was not long in working out improvements. He has put up several new boxes facing the lads' quarters, by doing which he has formed a quadrangle, affording protection from winterly gales.

All racegoers will be glad to hear that Mr. Tom Jennings, sen., is recovering from his recent accident, and the "Governor" will soon be himself once more. Mr. Jennings is not so young as he used to be. He

trained Beggarman for the Goodwood Cup, which the horse won fifty-four years back, and the veteran has had many successes since, not the least of which was running a dead heat for the Cesarewitch with Cypria last year. But the success of all others that gave Mr. Jennings the greatest amount of pleasure was when Recollection won a race at Gatwick. The horse had up to within six weeks of the race been driven by Mr. Jennings in his trap! Mr. Jennings is a good citizen. He is connected with many of the local undertakings, including the Newmarket Water Works, the Conservative Association, and the New Club, which has taken the place of the Subscription



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. TOM JENNINGS, SEN.

Rooms. Mr. Jennings has brought off many a good coup for the French division. As a youngster he rode successfully on the Continent.

There are many good sportsmen left in the West of England, and I notice that the Totnes Meeting is set to take place on Sept. 5 and 6. This is one of the most peculiar courses in England: the horses go up a stiff hill, jump a stone wall into the main road, come down into the valley, and then have to go under a railway bridge; and if the tide is high in the adjacent river, a little swimming has to be done before the straight for home is reached. Lord Marcus Beresford once rode over the course, but I believe that was sufficient for his Lordship. The brothers Singer generally patronise the meeting freely. Their jumpers are trained in the district by Mr. Billy Clack, who was formerly a bank clerk.

The weights for the Autumn Handicaps will be out in a day or two. Then matters will wake up in the racing world. Already tips are as plentiful as blackberries, but if Major Egerton does his work well the winners should, as usual, take some finding. Of the Cesarewitch, I am told of a horse that has been specially saved for two years, and if the weight does not suit it will be reserved for another twelve months. Further, I learn of an animal that has never raced a greater distance than six furlongs that is looked upon as a snip for the Cesarewitch.

It is somewhat strange that the large trainers, such as M. Dawson and J. Porter, have seldom run horses of their own. Others of the profession, say, Alec Taylor, W. G. Stevens, T. Cannon, and E. Weever, own the majority of the animals in their respective stables, and they evidently make most of their horses earn their keep. Trainer-owners are good friends to clerks of courses, as they support overnight selling races, which go to swell the fund, although Tom Cannon seldom buys back a winner hailing from his stable.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

The whole charm of a holiday is, to my thinking, to be found in the one word "change," and, as I believe in having a thorough change or none at all, it came to pass that when, last week, I shook the dust of London off my feet and joined the ranks of the holiday-makers, my one idea was to get to a place where fashions might come and fashions might go, without in the least disturbing the minds or altering the garb of the feminine inhabitants. Having discovered such a blissful region, I find myself,

after a few days' sojourn in my little northern seaside village, turning my thoughts, with an eagerness that is suspiciously like relief, to the mental contemplation of some of Fashion's latest productions in gowns, at which, with necessary foresight, I had an early peep, before I exchanged Regent Street and Piccadilly for an expanse of seashore where you can spend long hours without your eyes being gladdened by the sight of any other human being. Up till now I had a firm and unswerving faith in the joys of solitude, but I must confess that it has been considerably shaken. However, for the time being, I have the memory of the said gowns for company, and, as I want you to be introduced to my charming companions (who may serve to pass away pleasantly a short space of your own holiday), let me perform the ceremony without further loss of time, giving the first place, as in duty bound, to the two which have been honoured by an illustration.

The first conjures up a vision of a delightful new material somewhat resembling canvas cloth, the dominant colour being a deep shade of green, the broad black stripes which

go round the skirt being in black shot with green, through which there runs a glimmering of gold. Down the centre of each stripe passes a narrow bouclé line in black, and the intervals between the stripes are dotted over with rather large black spots. Given such a handsome and effective material, there is naturally no necessity for trimming on the skirt, which is consequently quite plain, though very full. The bodice, too, is distinguished by its elegant simplicity, the fulness being drawn into a deep band of caracule fur, which, in its turn, is bordered with a narrow edging of black-and-gold passementerie, the caracule yoke, which is quaintly cut in trefoil shape, being finished in the same way. There is a green velvet collar enriched with touches of passementerie, and the very full sleeves of the same handsome fabric are outlined at the wrist by a band of passementerie.

And now comes the turn of the second dress, which, I daresay, will be given the first place in order of merit, by some of you, at any rate. It is composed of very fine dark blue cloth, a graceful scroll design of narrow black braid being arranged round the foot of the skirt. As for the bodice, which is quite original, and, therefore, worthy of all praise, it, too, is fashioned of the cloth, perfectly plain and tight-fitting, but relieved by a band of braid which passes down the centre, while at each side there is a simulated zouave of wider braid, not sewed on flat, but it noticed, but standing out in a most effective manner, as if it were in reality a part of a little over-bodice. But this is not all, for, to make perfection still more perfect, there is a deep waistband of the most wonderful chiné glacé ribbon, the pale turquoise-blue ground being patterned with the quaintest little stiff bunches of red, blue, and mauve flowers, set round with their green leaves, the various colours not clashing at all, as you might imagine they would. I think that Madame Humble—for, as I daresay you have guessed, it was at her charming salons, at 19, Conduit Street that I discovered these garments of beauty—is to be sincerely congratulated on two such creations, and when I had duly inspected them I forthwith proceeded to do so.

As a reward, perhaps, for my appreciation, I was allowed to have a peep at the glories of some other gowns, which were not to be revealed to less favoured mortals for another month, at least. However, you shall share the secret with me. One dress, of the fine, satiny cloth which is to be so much used, was in a warm shade of brown, the only trimming on the skirt consisting of a tiny triple frill, composed of narrow black, brown, and geranium-red satin ribbon respectively, while at each side of the back, just below the waist, fell long, triple loops of black velvet ribbon. The bodice was entirely composed of geranium-red satin, flecked with black, the fulness in front prettily arranged in jabot form; over it was worn a square zouave of cloth in a shade of bottle-green, so dark that it was almost black, and cut out in a pretty openwork pattern in the way which has met with so much favour, the rich colour of the satin beneath showing through with exceedingly good effect. The cloth was, in addition, ornamented with an appliqué of black velvet, and the zouave was entirely bordered with a narrow band of mink, the satin and cloth collar being completed by a triple edging of the satin ribbons, which appeared again on the cuffs of the full cloth sleeves. No one could wish for a more strikingly effective gown, but perhaps some will prefer another of cinnamon-brown cloth, a full panel of shot pink and pale fawn glacé silk, gathered at intervals, being let in at each side of the skirt, the front panel, sides, and edge of which were all bordered with two rows of fine black-and-gold braid, three large buttons of dull pierced gold, studded with steel, being placed at each side in front beneath the waist, which was encircled by a full-draped band of the shot silk. The double-breasted Eton-coat bodice had a turned-down collar, revers, and deep cuffs, the braid being used again as trimming in all cases, while a novel effect was secured by the bodice being cut away squarely in front to show a full waistcoat of the shot silk, in which you could also catch some wonderful shades of mauve, the draped collar tying at the back in a smart butterfly bow. There was in addition a perfectly plain cape, very full from the shoulders downwards, but with no suggestion of outstanding stiffness in its graceful folds, this being made without any collar or trimming of any kind, save a border of braid.

Is there still an unsatisfied one among you? Well, perhaps a gown of dark cornflower-blue canvas serge will meet your case. It had a waistband and draped collar of eau-de-Nil moiré antique ribbon, with a chiné design of faint pink, mauve, and yellow flowers, both waistband and collar being fastened at the back with a jet buckle, large in the one case and small in the other. The bodice was made with great revers of blue moiré antique covered with handsome creamy white lace, and fastened across the front with a large bow of the chiné ribbon, which was passed through a round jet buckle. The skirt was perfectly plain, and the full sleeves had tucked cuffs as the only relief to their simplicity. Surely out of all these you will each have been able to realise your own ideal autumn gown. I hope so, for I can effect no more interviews by proxy with new gowns till London claims me as its own again. One more novelty, however, I have got for you in the shape of a charming little headdress for evening wear, which is the latest introduction from that city of novelties, Paris. It can be made either with or without a velvet bandeau, and consists of two tiny wings fastened with an

equally diminutive velvet bow, and with an aigrette rising from the centre. It is an extremely *chic* little arrangement, but you must be careful to place it well forward on the fringe, which should, by preference, be parted in the centre and waved at the sides, the inevitable little love-lock in the centre adding considerably to the effect. You can have any colour which may suit your individual taste and complexion, though

[Continued on page 277.]





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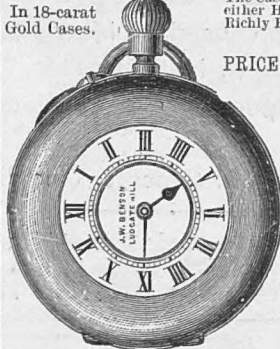
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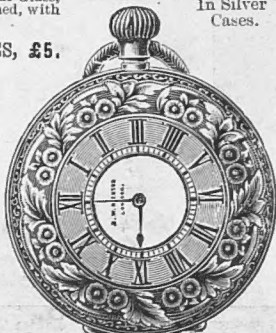
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### MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
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 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
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 MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.



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 Save Washing  
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Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.

Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, also from the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7 and 2/3 Post Free. Samples Post Free on application. Mention "Sketch." Address: "The Manageress," THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., LTD., 26, THAVES INN, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

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ALWAYS USE THE GENUINE  
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## Florida Water

the most exquisite  
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**HANDKERCHIEF,  
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Soothing and Refreshing  
 to the sensitive nerves;  
 acts as an aromatic for  
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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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 HARMLESS  
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FREE FROM  
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**OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN,**  
 Sole Proprietors of the "Incomparable Smelling Salts" (as supplied to the Queen),  
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For Ladies' and Children's Boots  
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HIGHEST AWARD WHEREVER EXHIBITED.

LATEST-PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

## MAGIC BRONZE.

## SATIN

**BROWN, WHITE, & BLACK  
 CREAMS.**

**ARMY and NAVY LIQUID BLACKING**  
 GIVES A BRILLIANT JET-BLACK POLISH QUICKLY.

## ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"A charming Scent." "The sweetest  
 H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

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Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of  
 the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.



## KARSWOOD HAIR DYE

Easy to apply. One Liquid. Clean  
 and Perfectly Harmless to the  
 most Delicate Hair.

**Absolutely FAST.**

Pronounced by those who use it as  
 the only Dye fit for a Lady or  
 Gentleman to use.

**BLONDE, BROWN, BLACK.**  
 Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 10/6; by post, 3d.  
 extra.

Wholesale: **HOVENDEN & SONS,**  
 Berners Street, London.

Manufacturer:

**E. G. HUGHES, Victoria Street, Manchester.**

## THE LATEST NOVELTY.

**LADIES**  
 ELASTIC  
 AND  
 HEALTHY.

**DISPENSE WITH  
 PETTICOATS  
 BY WEARING OUR  
 SEAMLESS  
 KNITTED  
 PANTALOONS**

The most comfortable Garment for Riding,  
 Cycling, Hunting, Mountain-Climbing, Touring,  
 and other Pastimes, as well as for Ordinary  
 Wear. They are easily washed, and are durable  
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Write to-day for Illustrated Price List, Free.  
 Mention "Sketch."

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For INDIGESTION, STOMACH, and LIVER, try  
**BELTON'S SPECIAL LITTLE LIVER PERLES,**  
 as prescribed by the late eminent physician,

**SIR ANDREW CLARK, M.D.**  
 From valuable vegetable extracts only. In tubes of 40, 1s.  
 Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from  
**E. R. BELTON & Co., Chemists, 61, High Rd., Lee, London.**

EMPHATICALLY A BOON TO EVERY LADY.

## THE "BREEZE HAT GRIP."

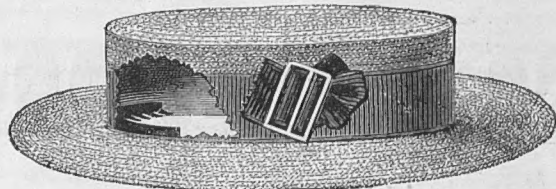
Why spoil your hats and your appearance? Why tire yourself out on a windy  
 day by having to hold your hat on? Why have your hair disarranged by the wind  
 immediately you go out walking, visiting, riding, shopping, or sailing? When the  
 "Breeze Hat Grip," which can be fastened in one minute, will keep ANY SHAPE or  
 SIZE of LADIES' HAT in its position on the stormiest and windiest day.

OF ALL DRAPERS



at 3½d. each.

Every Lady should buy one of the "BREEZE HAT GRIPS," and experience the  
 comfort of a straight and steady hat and perfectly arranged hair wherever she goes.



WHOLESALE AND EXPORT ONLY: **W. WILLIAMS & SON, BREAD STREET, LONDON.**



MADAME: "How provoking! never my hat flying back again." DEARIE: "Well, dear, it is your own fault. You should use the new 'Breeze Hat Grip,' as I do."



turquoise-blue and deep yellow are particularly pretty. But I am leaving out the most important information of all, which is that your old friend, Mrs. Farey, of 231, Regent Street, is the one to whom you must go if the new headdress commends itself to you, and as to price, you need only expend 5s. 6d. upon your purchase, an additional recommendation, surely.



And now, with an earnestness born of experience, let me commend to all those of you who are likely to test the wonderful uncurling qualities of sea-air upon your carefully-arranged fringes, a preparation which should be accounted a boon and a blessing by women generally, inasmuch as it will keep the hair in curl under the most trying circumstances, and preserve you from the painfully unbecoming effects of straight and straggling locks. It will be the means, also, of saving countless odd minutes, which would otherwise have to be

expended upon the recurling of the said locks; so if you want to enjoy your holiday to the full, pack away a bottle of the "Andrea Curling Fluid" in your trunk, and when you return you will find it will merit a place on your toilet-table, for it will do yeoman service on wet and hot days alike at all seasons of the year. Mr. André Hugo, of 180 and 1A, Sloane Street, who prepares this curling fluid and sells it at 2s. 6d. a bottle (or post free for three shillings), has another claim upon our regard, for he invented and brought out the now famous "Merveilleuse" hair-frame, which is useful alike to women with plentiful or scanty tresses. In any case, it is a wonderful aid to hair-dressing, while by its means the most insignificant locks can be arranged to as great advantage as the most plentiful head of hair, for the hair-frame, by acting as a foundation, enables all the hair to be used for effect. Then, too, it is the perfection of comfort, for, in addition to being a mere featherweight, it receives all the points of the hairpins and keeps the weight of the hair from pressing on the head. The "Merveilleuse" hair-frames are quite cheap, for they are only 7s. 6d. each (3d. extra by post), and they last for months. So there are two things which you will do well to add to the contents of your toilet-table, whether you are going for your holiday or whether you have only the memory of it left to last for the next year.

But these are only two of Mr. Hugo's specialties, and I could tell you of many others, including a very becoming "Pompadour" frizette at 7s. 6d., and some really charming fringes of naturally curly hair, by means of which you will be placed on a level with those thrice fortunate folk whose locks need no artificial aids to transform them into bewitching waves and curls. As the prices for these fringes range from fifty to eighty shillings, you can suit the state of your purse at the moment; and, in fact, whether you want your own hair put in perfect order, or whether you require art to step in to the aid of Nature, Mr. Hugo will come to your rescue, and he has daintily fitted-up rooms where you can consult him in the strictest privacy. But, in any case, do not, for your own sake, forget the "Andrea" curling fluid or the "Merveilleuse" hair-frame, as over and over again they will most certainly prove themselves to be veritable blessings in disguise.

And, lastly, a word to those of you who, like myself, have fallen under the thrall of that most delightful of scents, "Rhine Violets," whose subtle and fascinating perfume becomes an absolute necessity when once you have used it. You can now get it in large bottles at twenty shillings each, which, as they hold a very large quantity, are considerably cheaper than a number of small bottles amounting in value to the same sum. One of these goodly-proportioned bottles would form a delightfully acceptable present, which would keep the giver's memory fragrant for many a long day, a fact which might be hinted gently to husband or fiancé, or to one of those good-natured brothers who are all too scarce nowadays, most brothers, alas! devoting all their attention and spare cash to other men's sisters. Don't forget to tell them that the object of their search is to be found at 62, New Bond Street, where Mr. R. J. Reuter (the London agent of F. Mühlens, of 4711 Eau-de-Cologne fame) provides all manner of the most delightful scents and soaps and sachets and other alluring things calculated to charm the money out of the purse of all who enter there. If you cannot find anybody to give you one of these twenty-shilling bottles of "Rhine Violets," you will do well to expend that amount on it yourself, for it will give you so much pleasure that you will never have the heart to think that you have been extravagant. Now, having done my duty—or tried to—for this week, I will return to the contemplation of Nature and the doubtful blessedness of solitude.

FLORENCE.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

## A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF THE SESSION.

Good-bye to the session: 'tis over! And the politicians are already quarrelling over the session of 1895. "*Le Roi est mort, vive le*"—but this good old tag ought to be dropped in such democratic days. The Radical version, at any rate, seems to be "*Le Roi est mort*, and now down with the House of Lords!" The expiring session was enlivened with more than one warning to the Government that the attack on the House of Lords is what their most impassioned and, therefore, most important followers—if the term be permitted—are thirsting for, and not for the Registration Bill, Irish Land Bill, or Welsh Disestablishment Bill, which have been stated officially to represent the programme for next year. The leaders themselves, if Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister and Sir William Harcourt as his first lieutenant, are to be so styled, continue to intimate that they have not yet been sufficiently pushed, and that a campaign against the hereditary foe is rather a matter of gravity than of urgency; but the autumn electioneering and speechifying are sure to centre round this question—this and the appeal to the Labour vote, for Leicester has revived the contest of Attercliffe.

This last session has been short, but important. Mr. Gladstone's resignation, Lord Rosebery's succession to the Premiership, the undeniable friction between him and Sir William Harcourt, the Budget, the rejection of the Evicted Tenants Bill, the passing of the Equalisation of Rates and Scotch Local Government Bills, and the withdrawal of the Eight-Hours (Mines) Bill—all these different factors, indicative of many others, combine to make Lord Rosebery's first session of Premiership important, and, as the opening of the post-Gladstonian era, even epoch-making. Certain things have not happened. The Liberal Unionists are still as far from "the fold" as ever, and Lord Rosebery, by common consent, has not shown himself the very strong man that, practically, all England would have voted him to be a year ago. Ladas and Lord Rosebery together have, on the whole, proved an inferior Parliamentary force to Sir William Harcourt with his showy Budget. Yet, such is the ingrained indisposition to have Sir William Harcourt as Prime Minister, that even those who blame Lord Rosebery most continue to assert that the younger man has still got his chance open, while no word of hope is breathed from Ministerial quarters for the old Parliamentary hand who is twenty years his senior. Meanwhile, these two men tower over their colleagues. Mr. Asquith, who is still regarded only as a "coming" man, has been rather in the shade lately. He has not had so much work to do, and—well, everybody knows that Mr. Asquith has just married a young and brilliant wife. Without saying that he has actually given up to womankind what was meant for his party, yet even a Home Secretary's force must be abated at some point, and lately he has not been needed on the Ministerial bench. His intervention in the Cab Strike was an effort which did not turn out very successfully. Beyond the Ministerial bench, there have been few new reputations made. Mr. Ellis, the new Whip, has done well on the whole in a very difficult position at a very difficult moment. Among the Irishmen, Mr. Sexton has improved his position.

On the Opposition side Mr. Balfour has gone up a place or two, and the rest of his colleagues are "as they were." Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chaplin, and Sir Richard Webster have done good work. Lord Randolph Churchill has appeared and disappeared. But Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury still are the figures of the party. By Mr. Gladstone's retirement both these men have gained; the elder has lost his only rival among the weighty seniors in politics, and is now becoming much more of a really popular statesman than he ever has been; the younger, by his brilliant speeches, his light Parliamentary touch, his philosophy, his taste for art and literature, and a certain humanity (betokened even in his association with golf), which, on the whole, is in contrast with the fact that he is still a bachelor, has already begun to take Mr. Gladstone's place in the country as a statesman who is interesting apart from the clash and strife of parties. This is the sort of popularity which goes far, and which Mr. Balfour is not the sort of man to lose, for his discretion is as conspicuous as the reverse quality is in Lord Salisbury. Mr. Courtney, in the House, is the only man of the party who has done anything to show his "independence," and nobody, to speak frankly, minds this from Mr. Courtney. He is cut out for a future Speaker, if Mr. Peel has to retire, and if—rather an important "if" this, by-the-way—he can keep his seat. In Ireland Mr. Horace Plunkett has started a scheme for helping farmers to sell their produce, but, while the Irish Conservatives generally are satisfied with their present position and prospects, the Unionist party is still a little disquieted at the revolts in which Mr. T. W. Russell indulges.

As between the two parties, the Opposition has just now even more than the usual advantage which Oppositions always have. The Conservative Opposition has still to act on the defensive. In Ireland it has to maintain the law; in the Constitution it has to maintain the House of Lords; in party politics it has to wait while Radicalism fights Labour. Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone's retirement has plunged the Government into the throes of reconstruction, with different sets of reconstructors besieging on all sides. *Ab extra*, the fight looks unequal; but Conservatism is notoriously lazy, and it may yet be beaten by pluck. Sport for gods and men! Yes; some people say that is all that our politicians exist for. At any rate, the world still goes on in its usual way, and if Mr. Balfour got engaged to be married or Lord Rosebery—well, one must not be indiscreet about the Rosebery rumours, but anything of this sort would affect us much more than the Budget. And if the "veto" of the House of Lords disappeared, should we care a bit less about the "aristocracy"?



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 25, 1894.

The Bank return disclosed record figures both in the reserve and the stock of bullion, and it is probable that the next few weeks will see the position even stronger than this week's figures.

The week has been a dull one on the Stock Exchange, but has ended with a general rise in American Railways, which our last week's letter had led you to expect was pretty certain. There appears to be no slackening in the investment business of the highest class, and Consols, bank stock, corporation loans, and Colonials continue to be absorbed in considerable quantities every day. The miserable  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. which the banks give for deposits is driving people to buy something, for even the richest of us cannot live on money invested at such an unremunerative rate as  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The continuance of unfavourable weather has not been able to check the favourable tone of Home Rails, where Brighton A's have been pushed up day after day by buying supposed to come from an inspired source, while the now almost universal opinion that some satisfactory agreement will be brought about between the Chatham and South-Eastern Companies has lifted both the ordinary shares of the former company and Dover A's. It is not so long ago that Little Chathams were at 25, and as you took a two-point rise out of them, dear Sir, earlier in the year, you could well afford a fresh flutter, which might cost you a loss, but is more likely to land you in a considerable profit, and seems to us like gambling with the chance of a one-point fall and a five-point rise. As to your Scotch stocks, we advise you to hold on to them, despite the continuance of the strike, which is very likely to collapse and give you the opportunity of getting out on the sharp rise that is sure to follow.

The American market is, by general consent, just now admitted to be the key of the Stock Exchange position, and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that the outlook is favourable. In the first place, the returns of the New York Associated Banks show a continued growth of leading business, which is a fair indication that the Yankees are beginning to trade again; in the second place, nearly all the late improvement has begun in New York, and a great deal of buying comes from Wall Street; while, finally, we are confident that there is a huge "bear" account in America, and every effort which is made to liquidate it produces rapid upward movements.

The rise in Lake Shores (out of which, dear Sir, you have done well by taking our tip and buying largely at prices well below 130) has been largely due to the liquidation of the account of a large New York "bear," but both in Vanderbilt stocks and in Grangers there are still considerable old standing speculative accounts for the fall open, which one or two more turns of the screw would probably scare, so that if the present optimistic feeling continues you may at any moment see a sharp rise in even the quietest of these stocks.

The cotton crop in the South is reported to be a very heavy one. Notwithstanding the desire of investors to snatch profits, Louisvilles have been the medium of heavy and influential purchases, and, although the price of the shares has risen nine points in a month, we think there is room for considerable further improvement, and the same remarks hold good of Milwaukeees. If you want a reasonably safe and improving gold bond, with every prospect of improvement in capital value, we hardly know where you can do better than buy Louisville Unified Fifty-Year gold bonds at about 79.

Grand Trunks have improved in sympathy with the Yankee market, but we see no reason for the rise. You know that we distrust profoundly the financial methods of Sir Henry Tyler and the Board, which, by-the-by, contains one of the Trustees Corporation directors, who was a party to spending that company's money in supporting the market for its own shares. The proportion of working expenses to gross takings is of so fluctuating a character that one is naturally suspicious. Why, for example, should the net profit for May come out at only 34 per cent., while for June the figure rises to 49 per cent.? It is safest to give all concerns managed by Sir Henry Tyler and Lord Claud Hamilton a wide berth, and in applying this rule to Grand Trunks you will be acting very wisely.

After a sharp improvement in things South American, a reaction has occurred, but the gold premium, although it fluctuates, is slowly creeping down. No doubt, the gold market is manipulated to assist speculative dealings on the Stock Exchange, but in the long run natural causes must produce their inevitable consequences, and if Argentina remains politically quiet, while the export trade, as is probable, increases, it is practically certain that the trend of the gold market must be downwards.

Uruguays continue about 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ , on the belief that 45 is the selling price of the syndicate which took over the Baring block of stock. Of course, if this is so, and it seems not improbable, no great rise can be looked for till the bulk of this large holding is absorbed, but on its merits, we are convinced, Uruguay stock is worth something between 50 and 60.

Your friend who wants to invest £10,000 to get 5 per cent. is like many other people, but if he understands that he cannot expect the security of Consols with this rate of interest we are prepared to make the following suggestions—

£1000 in Louisville 4 per cent. gold bonds, at 79.

£1000 in Uruguay 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  stock, at 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

£1000 in Illinois Central 4 per cent. gold bonds, at 102.

£1000 in Industrial Trust 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  debentures, at 86.

£1000 in De Beers 5 per cent. debentures, at 102.

£1000 in City of Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. bonds, at 120.

£1000 in Christchurch Drainage 6 per cent. bonds, at 124.

£1000 in Bank of New Zealand Estates 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  debentures, at 105.

£1000 in Mexican 6 per cent. bonds, at 61.

£1000 in United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. debentures, at 100.

The result of such an investment of your friend's money would be an income of about £560 a year, out of which a sinking fund of £60 should be put away and invested in first-class securities, not only to provide for the redemption of the stocks purchased at a premium, but to make good any scaling down of interest or other contingencies. Of course, the exact amount could not be purchased in some cases, but the odd money could easily be adjusted, or put together and invested in, say, Trustees Corporation 4 per cent. Prior Lien bonds just under par.

The Mining market has shown a considerable volume of business during the week, especially among the better class of African shares and the copper producers. In the case of those companies whose shares are quoted and dealt in both here and in Paris, we are inclined to expect a very considerable improvement, for the French market shows even more signs than our own of returning speculative activity, and when once speculation begins in France it runs rampant.

There has been an undercurrent of strength all the week in South Africans, which would, no doubt, improve all round if anything like a revival of speculation took place. We like our old favourites, Meyer and Charlton and Champ d'Ors best, but for a gamble in low-priced shares New Louis d'Ors at about 4s. 6d. are said to be worth a flutter. Information has reached us from a well-informed source that the Van Ryn Estate and Gold Mining Company's shares are the cheapest things in the market at, say, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and on looking up the details of the property we are inclined to agree. It is true the ore is low grade, but even so a profit is made every month, and when the accumulations of tailings are worked an increase of 1000 ounces a month in the productive capacity of the property is reasonably certain. A cyanide plant will begin operations next month, so that no considerable delay is to be feared, and, not forgetting the speculative nature of mines, you might do far worse than give us an order to pick up 500 shares on your account at anything between 1 1-8 and 1 3-8.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

It cannot be expected that many new issues will be offered for public subscription at this time of the year, but the following prospectuses have reached us—

**THE UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**—This company is offering £132,800 4 per cent. debenture stock, part of an issue of £350,000, of which the balance is reserved for the holders of terminable debentures. The company is wise in its generation, and will strengthen its position in replacing its terminable debentures by stock irredeemable until 1924. The security is ample, but the debenture stock appears to have a mere floating charge, which is always an objectionable form of security, and, although the required amount is sure to be subscribed, we have seen many 4 per cent. investments which we prefer to a floating charge on this company's steamers.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**F. W. P.**—Yes, we consider the Equitable of the United States a perfectly safe office, and you need have no anxiety as to your policy.

**ORION.**—The various trust company debentures you say you hold are all safe enough, as in each case there is a large capital behind the issues. Do not sell at a discount; you are sure to see your money back in the long run, and are safe for your interest in the meantime. The Prior Lien bonds of the Trustees Corporation are absolutely safe and cheap at anything under par.

**SANDY (1).**—There is no need for alarm over your Nitrate Rails. Hold on. If silver rises, the mining shares you name are sure to rise. We do not advise you to buy, but if we held them we would not sell just now.

**S. S.**—Of course Mr. Bottomley was trying to push off these Syria-Ottoman Railway bonds, and we warned people against them several times. If you had been a constant reader, as you say, you have only yourself to blame for the investment. Send us all the papers, and we will advise you as to whether you have any right of action against the Joint Stock Institute, but we should fire a writ into Mr. Bottomley on chance. If you get hold of the right kind of solicitor, he is sure to settle.

**SANDY (2).**—We don't like the Debenture Corporation shares, and would sell if, as you say, you are nervous about the uncalled liability. The Industrial Trust deferred shares are worth buying, and are cheaper than the preference shares, in view of the conversion into a unified stock. There is no liability.

**F. W.**—Hold on to your Uruguays and the 1886 Argentines. Colonials are quite high enough, and you might sell your Victorian 4 per cent. stock and invest the proceeds in Trustees Corporation Prior Lien bonds. Yes, Meyer and Charlton shares should be held.

**IRISH.**—Hold "Vestas" and San Jorge Nitrate. Bell's Asbestos was one of the companies which W. W. Duncan and *Truth* combined to boom. We are sorry for you, and think you had better cut your loss.

**CONFIDENCE.**—There are very few Trustees Corporation shares to be bought. We know all about the concern, and we consider at 15s. the shares are cheap, especially as a "lock-up." A sharp rise in silver would make them worth 30s. or £2.

The Brighton Railway Company will run a cheap fourteen-day excursion to Paris on Saturday by the day express, and on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday by the night express.